THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY MR. *POPE.*

VOL. IV.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer—— HOR.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JOHN HALPEN,
N°. 19, NEW SACKVILLE-STREET,
NEAR EARL-STREET.

M,DCC,XCVI.

1607/4319

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The reconciliation of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*.

THETIS *brings to her ſon the armour made by* Vulcan. *She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end.* Agamemnon *and* Achilles *are ſolemnly reconcil'd: The ſpeeches, preſents, and ceremonies on that occaſion.* Achilles *is with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by the advice of* Ulyſſes. *The preſents are conveyed to the tent of* Achilles: *where* Briſeïs *laments over the body of* Patroclus. *The hero obſtinately refuſes all repaſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentations for his friend.* Minerva *deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the order of* Jupiter. *He arms for the fight; his appearance deſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches them with the death of* Patroclus. *One of them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſpired to prophecy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combat.*

The thirteenth day. The ſcene *is on the ſea-ſhore.*

THE

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ILIAD.

SOON as *Aurora* heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that bluſh'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the Goddeſs-mother bears
Swift to her ſon: Her ſon ſhe finds in tears,
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus'* corſe, while all the reſt
Their Sov'reign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heavenly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, *Thetis* ſaid:
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by *Vulcan* are beſtow'd,
Arms worthy thee, and fit to grace a God.

V. 13. *Behold what arms*, &c.] It is not poetry only which has this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the ſecond of *Maccabees*, chap. 16. *Judas* ſees in a dream the prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a ſword as from God. Tho' this was only a dream, or a viſion, yet it is ſtill the ſame Idea. This example is likewiſe ſo much the more worthy obſervation, as it is much later than the age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is ſeen, that the ſame way of thinking continued a long time amongſt the oriental nations. *Dacier.*

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground; 15
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the *Myrmidons* with dread ſurprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow; 20
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant, like a ſtream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.
Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine 25
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead? 30

That

V. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of *Patroclus*, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the *Greeks* of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funeral. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince *Achilles* could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate of the Goddeſſes, made it the ſubject of their utmoſt attention. As *Thetis* preſerves the body of *Patroclus*, and chaſes from it thoſe inſects that breed in the wounds and cauſe putrefaction, ſo *Venus* is employed day and night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the dogs to which *Achilles* had expoſed it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preſerves its freſhneſs amidſt the greateſt heats of the ſun: And this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this paſſage in *Boſſu*'s admirable

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That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain,
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.
But go, *Achilles*, (as affairs require)
Before the *Grecian* Peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!
Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich Ambroſia ſhow'r'd
O'er all the corſe: The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went;
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, tranſported at the well-known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd:
Studious to ſee that terror of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.

mirable treatiſe of the epic poem, lib. 3. cap. 10. "To ſpeak "(ſays this author) of the arts and ſciences as a poet ought, we "ſhould veil them under names and actions of perſons fictitious "and allegorical. *Homer* will not plainly ſay that ſalt has the "virtue to preſerve dead bodies and prevent the flies from en- "gendering worms in them, he will not ſay, that the ſea pre- "ſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve *Patroclus* from pu- "trefaction; but he will make the ſea a Goddeſs, and tell us, "that *Thetis*, to comfort *Achilles*, engaged to perfume the "body with an Ambroſia which ſhould keep it a whole year "from corruption: It is thus *Homer* teaches the poets to ſpeak "of arts and ſciences. This example ſhews the nature of the "things, that flies cauſe putrefaction, that ſalt preſerves bo- "dies from it; but all this is told us poetically, the whole is "reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and "acts, and this *proſopopæia* is accompanied with paſſion, ten- "derneſs and affection; in a word, there is nothing which is "not (according to *Ariſtotle*'s precept) endued with man- "ners."

Tydides and *Ulyſſes* firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The King of men, *Atrides*, came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by *Agenor*'s ſon,
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.

Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the *Grecian* ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing *Dian* had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor *Troy*'s glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall *Greece* the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the object of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?

Here

V. 61. *Preventing* Dian *had diſpatch'd her dart,*
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart.]

Achilles wiſhes *Briſeïs* had died before ſhe had occaſioned ſo great calamities to his countrymen: I will not ſay to excuſe him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wiſh is not ſo very barbarous as it may ſeem by the phraſe to a modern reader. It is not, that *Diana* had actually killed her, as by a particular ſtroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this paſſage in *Odyſſ.* 15.

When age and ſickneſs have unnerv'd the ſtrong,
Apollo *comes, and* Cynthia *comes along,*
They bend the ſilver bows for ſudden ill,
And every ſhining arrow comes to kill.

And he does not wiſh her death now, after ſhe had been his miſtreſs, but only that ſhe had died, before he knew or loved her.

Here then my anger ends: Let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as *Greece* has bled, let *Ilion* bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: His finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The *Greeks* accept, and ſhout *Pelides'* name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the King of men begun.
Hear me, ye ſons of *Greece!* with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye *Greeks*, the dire debate;
Know, angry *Jove*, and all-compelling *Fate*,
With fell *Erynnys*, urg'd my wrath that day
When from *Achilles'* arms I forc'd the prey.
What then cou'd I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful *Atè* driv'n;
She, *Jove*'s dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.

V. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This ſpeech of *Agamemnon*, conſiſting of little elſe than the long ſtory of *Jupiter*'s caſting *Diſcord* out of heaven, ſeems odd enough at firſt ſight; and does not indeed anſwer what I believe every reader expects at the conference of theſe two great princes. Without excuſing it from the juſtneſs and proper application of the allegory in the preſent caſe, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of *Agamemnon*, which is a mixture of haughtineſs and cunning; he cannot prevail with himſelf any way, to leſſen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: Something he is obliged to ſay in publick, and not brooking directly to own himſelf in the wrong

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long-feſt'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amidſt the bright abodes;
And *Jove* himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by *Juno*'s wiles, and female art.
For when *Alcmena*'s nine long months were run,
And *Jove* expected his immortal ſon;
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhew'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.

Saturnia

wrong, he ſlurs it over with this tale. With what ſtateline ſs is it he yields?" "I was miſled (ſays he) but I was miſled like "*Jupiter*. We inveſt you with our powers, take our troops and "our treaſures: Our royal promiſe ſhall be fulfilled, but be "you pacified."

V. 93. *She*, Jove's *dread daughter, fated to infeſt*
The race of mortals----]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a *Dæmon*, created by God himſelf, and totally taken up in doing miſchief.

This fiction is very remarkale, in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a dæmon of diſcord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy hiſtory. St. *Juſtin* will have it, that *Homer* attained to the knowledge thereof in *Ægypt*, and that he had even read what *Iſaiah* writes, chap. 14. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O* Lucifer! *ſon of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didſt weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have ſeen the prophecy of *Iſaiah*, becauſe he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this paſſage the more obſervabel. *Homer* therein bears authentic witneſs to the truth of the ſtory of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this teſtimony above 100 years before one of the greateſt prophets ſpoke of it. *Dacier.*

Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thund'rer unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddeſs, from *Olympus'* height,
Swift to *Achaian Argos* bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven moons gone, lay *Sthenelus* his wife;
She puſh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms *Alcmena's* coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids *Saturnius* bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of *Jove's* immortal kind
"Is this day born: From *Sthenelus* he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be King of Kings.
Grief ſeiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeat ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright *Olympus* and the ſtarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft' the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like *Jove* himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging *Hector* heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er *Ulyſſes* promis'd at thy tent:

But

But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O King of Nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns *Achilles*) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: All we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry *Greek*, who ſees my ſpear confound
The *Trojan* ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of *Peleus* thus: And thus replies
The great in councils, *Ithacus* the wiſe,
Tho' god-like thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food;

What

V. 145. *To keep or ſend the preſents be thy care.*] *Achilles* neither refuſes nor demands *Agamemnon*'s preſents: The firſt would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too ſelfiſh. It would ſeem as if *Achilles* fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and diſhonourable to that character: *Homer* is wonderful as to the manners. *Spond. Dac.*

V. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits*, &c.] This advice of *Ulyſſes* that the troops ſhould refreſh themſelves with eating and drinking, was extremely neceſſary after a battle of ſo long continuance as that of the day before: And *Achilles*'s deſire that they ſhould charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the neceſſity of that refreſhment, was alſo highly natural to his violent character. This forces *Ulyſſes* to repeat that advice, and inſiſt upon it ſo much: Which thoſe criticks did not ſee into, who thro' a falſe delicacy are ſhocked at his inſiſting ſo warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common

What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built a-new with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band:
But let the preſents, to *Achilles* made,
In full aſſembly of all *Greece* be laid.
The King of Men ſhall riſe in publick ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear, (obſervant of the rite)
That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O Prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to Kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
To whom the Monarch. Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me, as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a-while let *Greece* aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great *Achilles* grudge this ſhort delay;

'Till

common reader, who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of juſt and natural images, this at firſt ſight may have an air of ridicule; but I'll venture to ſay there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itſelf, nor mean and low in *Homer*'s manner of expreſſing it: And I believe the ſame of this tranſlation, tho' I have not ſoftened or abated the idea they are ſo offended with.

'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, *Jove* atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, *Ulyſſes*, be thy care:
In order rang'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to *Jove*, and yon' bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern *Æacides* replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When

V. 197. *The ſtern Æacides replies.*] The *Greek* verſe is

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the *Iliad*. It is a very juſt remark of a *French* critick, that what makes it ſo much taken notice of, is the rumbling ſound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος: This is ſo true, that if in a poem or romance of the ſame length as the Iliad, we ſhould repeat *The hero anſwered*, full as often, we ſhould never be ſenſible of that repetition. And if we are not ſhocked at the like frequency of thoſe expreſſions in the Æneid, *ſic ore refert*, *talia voce refert*, *talia dicta dabat*, *vix ea fatus erat*, &c. it is only becauſe the ſound of the *Latin* words does not fill the ear like that of the *Greek* ἀπαμειβόμενος.

The diſcourſe of the ſame critick upon theſe ſort of repetitions in general, deſerves to be tranſcribed. That uſeleſs nicety, of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of latter times has introduced, was not known to the firſt ages of antiquity: The books of *Moſes* abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent uſe in the moſt ancient of all the poets, we ſhould look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: They ſpoke ſo in his time, and to have ſpoken otherwiſe had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itſelf ſo contrary to the true ſublime, as that painful and frivolous exactneſs, with which we avoid to make uſe of a proper word becauſe it was uſed before. It is certain that the *Romans* were leſs ſcrupulous as to this point: You have often in a ſingle page of *Tully*, the ſame word five or ſix times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author, who ſo little wanted variety of expreſſions as *Homer*, could be ſo very negligent herein: On the contrary, he ſeems to have

When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.

By

have affected to repeat the ſame things in the ſame words, on many occaſions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among ſeveral people, and in ſeveral ages, two practiſes entirely different took their riſe. *Moſes*, *Homer*, and the writers of the firſt times, had found that repetitions of the ſame word recalled the ideas of things, imprinted them much more ſtrongly, and rendered the diſcourſe more intelligible. Upon this principle the cuſtom of repeating words, phraſes, and even entire ſpeeches inſenſibly eſtabliſhed itſelf both in proſe and poetry, eſpecially, in narrations.

The writers whoſucceeded them obſerved, even from *Homer* himſelf, that the greateſt beauty of ſtile conſiſted in variety. This they made their principle: They therefore avoided repetitions of words, and ſtill more of whole ſentences; they endeavoured to vary their tranſitions; and found out new turns and manners of expreſſing the ſame things.

Either o ftheſe practiſes is good, but the exceſs of either vicious: We ſhould neither on the one hand, thro' a love of ſimplicity and clearneſs, continually repeat the ſame words, phraſes, or diſcourſes; nor on the other, for the pleaſure of variety fall into a childiſh affectation of expreſſing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never ſo natural and common.

Nothing ſo much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary inceſſantly even in the ſmalleſt circumſtances. In this, as in many other points, *Homer* has deſpiſed the ungrateful labour of too ſcrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great painter, who does not think himſelf obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them ſhall have the leaſt reſemblance to one another: If the principal figures are entirely different, we eaſily excuſe a reſemblance in the landſcapes, the ſkies or the draperies. Suppoſe a gallery full of pictures, each of which repreſents a particular ſubject: in one I ſee *Achilles* in fury menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the ſame hero with regret delivers up *Briſeïs* to the heralds; in a third, 'tis ſtill *Achilles*, but *Achilles* overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the geſture, the countenance, the character of *Achilles* are the ſame in each of theſe three pieces, if the ground of one of theſe be the ſame with that of the others in the compoſition and general deſign, whether it be landſcape or architecture;

then

By *Hector* ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
Thoſe call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhould commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds diſfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Int'reſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;

Deſtruction

then indeed one ſhould have reaſon to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no ſameneſs but in the folds of a few draperies, in the ſtructure of ſome part of a building, or the figure of ſome tree, mountain or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great ſtrokes which he repeats, not thoſe which ſtrike and fix our attention: They are only the little parts, the tranſitions, the general circumſtances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but caſts his eye careleſly: Such as the deſcriptions of ſacrifices, repaſts, or embarquements; ſuch in ſhort as are in their own nature much the ſame, which it is ſufficient juſt to ſhew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

V. 209. *Pale lies my friend*, &c.] It is in the *Greek*, *lies extended in my tent with his face turned towards the door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τέτραμμένος, that is to ſay, as the ſcholiaſt has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the *Greeks* placed their dead in the porches of their houſes, as likewiſe in *Italy*.

In portam rigidos calces extendit. Perſius.

——*Reciſque ad limina greſſum,*
Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat ſenior——

Thus we are told by *Sueton'us*, of the body of *Auguſtus*—— *Equeſter ordo ſuſcepit, urbique intulit, atque in veſtibulo domûs collocavit*:

Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of *Greeks*, (*Ulyſſes* thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warrior-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Tho' vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wav'ring lies,
Great *Jove* but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;

Who

V. 221. *Tho' vaſt the heaps*, &c.] *Ulyſſes*'s expreſſion in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλάμην, *ſtraw* or *chaff*, ſuch as are killed in the battle; and he calls ἄμηλον, the *crop*, ſuch as make their eſcape. This is very conformable to the language of the holy ſcripture, wherein thoſe who periſh are called *chaff*, and thoſe who are ſaved are called *corn*. *Dacier*.

V. 237. ——*None ſhall dare*
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war.]
This is very artful; *Ulyſſes*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the troops

Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty *Troy* deſcend.
And now the Delegates *Ulyſſes* ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of *Neſtor*, *Phyleus'* valiant heir,
Thias and *Merion*, thunderbolts of war,
With *Lycomedes* of *Creiontian* ſtrain,
And *Melanippus*, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth *Briſeïs*, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: Great *Ithacus* before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in publick view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! Then *Agamemnon* roſe:
The boar *Talthybius* held: The *Grecian* Lord
Drew the broad cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ſword;
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And *Greece* around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.

Witneſs

troops take repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repaſt, it looks as if they do not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in array of battle. *Dacier.*

Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying *Jove!*
And mother earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed,
And levell'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound:
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground:
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks!* and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis *Jove* inflicts the woe:
Not elſe *Atrides* could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas *Jove*'s high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd;
To their black veſſels all the *Greeks* return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe

V. 280. *Rolls the victim in the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the fleſh of the victims that were ſacrificed in confirmation of oaths; ſuch were victims of malediction. *Euſtathius.*

V. 281. *Hear, ye* Greeks, *&c.*] *Achilles*, to let them ſee that he is entirely appeaſed, juſtifies *Agamemnon* himſelf, and enters into the reaſons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his character, and illuſtrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. *Dacier.*

Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread;
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led.
To their new ſeats the female captives move;
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, *Patroclus* lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All-beautiful in grief, her humid eyes,
Shining with tears, ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries.
Ah youth! for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;

That

V. 303. *&c. The Lamentation of* Briſeïs *over* Patroclus.] This ſpeech (ſays *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*) is not without its artifice: While *Briſeïs* ſeems only to be deploring *Patroclus*, ſhe repreſents to *Achilles* who ſtands by, the breach of the promiſes he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in reſigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, *Achilles* hereupon acknowledges the juſtice of her complaint, and makes anſwer that his promiſes ſhould be performed: It was a ſlip in that great critick's memory, for the verſe he cites is not in this part of the author, [περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων, Part 2.]

V. 315. Achilles' *care you promis'd*, &c.] In theſe days when

That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me Empreſs in his native land.
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her ſiſter captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* fortunes, but their own.
The leaders preſs'd the chief on ev'ry ſide;
Unmov'd he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd.
If yet *Achilles* have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear;
Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the Brother-Kings of *Atreus'* race,
Neſtor, *Idomeneus*, *Ulyſſes* ſage,
And *Phœnix*, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.

Thou

when our manners are ſo different from thoſe of the ancients, and we ſee none of thoſe diſmal cataſtrophes which laid whole kingdoms waſte, and ſubjected princeſſes and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps ſeem aſtoniſhing, that a princeſs of *Briſeïs*'s birth, the very day her father, brothers and huſband were killed by *Achilles*, ſhould ſuffer herſelf to be comforted, and flattered with the hopes of becoming the ſpouſe of the murderer. But ſuch were the manners of thoſe times, as ancient hiſtory teſtifies: And the poet repreſents them as they were; but if there was a neceſſity for juſtifying them, it might be ſaid, that ſlavery was at that time ſo terrible, that in truth a princeſs like *Briſeïs* was pardonable to chuſe rather to become *Achilles*'s wife than his ſlave. *Dacier.*

V. 322. *Nor mourn'd* Patroclus' *fortunes, but their own,*] *Homer* adds this touch to heighten the character of *Briſeïs*, and to ſhew the difference between her and the other captives. *Briſeïs*, as a well-born princeſs, really bewail'd *Patroclus* out of *gratitude*; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of *intereſt*. *Dacier.*

Thou too, *Patroclus!* (thus his heart he vents)
Haſt ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents;
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Oft' ſtay'd *Achilles*, ruſhing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary *Peleus* were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in *Phthia* dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
(What more, ſhould *Neoptolemus* the brave
My only offspring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd *Achilles*, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd *Patroclus* might ſurvive to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From *Scyros* iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.

For

V. 335. *Thou too*, Patroclus! *&c.*] This lamentation is finely introduced: While the generals are perſuading him to take ſome refreſhment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of *Patroclus*, who had ſo often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: This is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the ſubject of his diſcourſes from the things that preſent themſelves. *Spondanus.*

V. 351. *I hop'd* Patroclus *might ſurvive*, &c.] *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles*, who had but a ſhort time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his ſon, and put him into the poſſeſſion of his kingdom: *Neoptolemus* would in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*: whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he muſt be an orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the ſentiments, and always follows nature. *Dacier.*

For *Peleus* breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſt'ning ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
Sighing he ſaid: His grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus, with pity to his blue-ey'd maid.
Is then *Achilles* now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon' ſails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe Ambroſia in his breaſt.
He ſpoke, and ſudden as the word of *Jove*
Shot the deſcending Goddeſs from above.
So ſwift thro' æther the ſhrill *Harpye* ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great *Achilles* ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine Ambroſia in his breaſt,
With Nectar ſweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
Now iſſu'd from the ſhips the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of *Boreas* blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazzling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:
So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-

V. 384. *So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]
It is probable the reader may think the words, *ſhining*, *ſplendid*, and others derived from the luſtre of arms, too frequent in theſe

Broad-glitt'ring breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midſt, high-tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine, *Achilles* dreſt;
Arms which the father of the fires beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire,
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſſhes firſt his thighs infold;
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold;
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd,
That ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;
And like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte, a light appears,
Which

theſe books. My author is to anſwer for it, but it may be alledged in his excuſe, that when it was the cuſtom for every ſoldier to ſerve in armour, and when thoſe arms were of braſs before the uſe of iron became common, theſe images of luſtre were leſs avoidable, and more neceſſarily frequent in deſcriptions of this nature.

V. 391. Achilles *arming himſelf*, &c.] There is a wonderful pomp in this deſcription of *Achilles* arming himſelf; every reader, without being pointed to it, will ſee the extreme grandeur of all theſe images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble ſcale they riſe one above another, and how the hero is ſet ſtill in a ſtronger point of light than before; till he is at laſt in a manner covered over with glories: He is at firſt likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and laſtly to the ſun itſelf.

Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from the flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war;
So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a *Greek* could rear:
From *Pelion*'s cloudy top an aſh entire
Old *Chiron* fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern *Achilles* only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and *Alcimus* prepare
Th' immortal courſers and the radiant car,
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter, *Phœbus* in th' æthereal way,
Flames from his chariot and reſtores the day.

High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.
Xanthus and *Balius!* of *Podarges'* ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left *Patroclus*, leave your Lord.
The gen'rous *Xanthus*, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane;
When ſtrange to tell! (ſo *Juno* will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles!

V. 450. *When ſtrange to tell! (ſo* Juno *will'd) he broke Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke*]

It is remarked, in excuſe for this extravagant fiction of a horſe ſpeaking, that *Homer* was authoriſed herein by fable, tradition, and hiſtory. *Livy* makes mention of two oxen that ſpoke on different occaſions, and recites the ſpeech of one, which was *Roma, cave tibi* *Pliny* tells us, theſe animals were particularly gifted this way *l.* 8. c. 45. *Eſt frequens in prodigiis priſcorum, bovem locutum.* Beſides *Homer* had prepared us for expecting ſomething miraculous from theſe horſes of *Achilles*, by repreſenting them to be immortal. We have ſeen them already ſenſible, and weeping at the death of *Patroclus*: And we muſt add to all this, that a Goddeſs is concerned in working this wonder: It is *Juno* that does it. *Oppian* alludes to this in a beautiful paſſage of his firſt book; Not having the original by me, I ſhall quote (what I believe is no leſs beautiful) Mr. *Fenton*'s tranſlation of it.

Of all the prone creation, none diſplay
A friendlier ſenſe of man's ſuperior ſway:
Some in the ſilent pomp of grief complain,
For the brave chief, by doom of battle ſlain:
And when young Peleus *in his rapid car*
Ruſh'd on to rouze the thunder of the war,
With human voice inſpir'd, his ſteed deplor'd
The fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.

Cyneg. lib. 1.

Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy *Patroclus*, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the *Furies* ty'd,
His fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.

Spondanus and *Dacier* fail not to bring up *Balaam*'s Aſs on this occaſion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to diſcharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile ſuch actions to probability. Would not one general anſwer do better, to ſay once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders*: The taſte of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the prieſts gave them.

V. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,*
His fate-ful voice———

The poet had offended againſt probability if he had made *Juno* take away the voice; for *Juno* (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of the voice. Beſides, the Poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that none but the *Furies* can take upon them ſo cruel an employment. *Euſtathius.*

know my fate: to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish *Troy!* he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The battle of the Gods, and the acts of *Achilles.*

JUPITER, *upon* Achilles's *return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the Deities are engaged.* Apollo *encourages* Æneas *to meet* Achilles. *After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but* Æneas *is preserved by the assistance of* Neptune. Achilles *falls upon the rest of the* Trojans, *and is upon the point of killing* Hector, *but* Apollo *conveys him away in a cloud.* Achilles *pursues the* Trojans *with a great slaughter.*

The same day continues. The scene *is in the field before* Troy.

THE

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THUS round *Pelides* breathing war and blood,
Greece ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then *Jove* to *Themis* gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:

V. 5. *Then* Jove *to* Themis *gives command*, &c.] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmoſt pomp and grandeur: The Gods are aſſembled only upon this account, and *Jupiter* permits ſeveral Deities to join with the *Trojans*, and hinder *Achilles* from over-ruling deſtiny itſelf.

The circumſtance of ſending *Themis* to aſſemble the Gods is very beautiful; ſhe is the Goddeſs of juſtice; the *Trojans* by the rape of *Helen*, and by repeated perjuries, having broken her laws, ſhe is the propereſt meſſenger to ſummon a ſynod to bring them to puniſhment. *Euſtathius*.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. *Themis* or *Juſtice* (ſays he) is made to aſſemble the Gods round *Jupiter*, becauſe it is from him that all the powers of Nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and *Jupiter* ſends them to the relief of both parties, to ſhew that nothing falls out but by his permiſſion, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power that is given them.

Swift o'er *Olympus'* hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To *Jove*'s eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural pow'r
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bow'r;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of *Vulcan*) ſate the Pow'rs around.
Ev'n * he, whoſe trident ſways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.
What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is *Greece* and *Troy* the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.

* *Neptune.* 'Tis

V. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] *Euſtathius* gives two reaſons why *Oceanus* was abſent from this aſſembly: The one is becauſe he is fabled to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to ſee the deities, who were all his deſcendants, war upon one another by joining adverſe parties: The other reaſon he draws from the allegory of *Oceanus*, which ſignifies the element of water, and conſequently the whole element could not aſcend into the Æther; but whereas *Neptune*, the rivers, and the fountains are ſaid to have been preſent, this is no way impoſſible, if we conſider it in an allegorical ſenſe, which implies, that the rivers, ſeas, and fountains ſupply the air with vapours, and by that means aſcend into the Æther.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n *Jove*'s own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on *Olympus*' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. *Troy* ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroul'd *Achilles* fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?

V. 35. *Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,*
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt ———]

Euſtathius informs us that the ancients were very much divided upon this paſſage of *Homer*. Some have criticized it, and others have anſwered their criticiſm; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without tranſmitting the anſwer to us. Thoſe who condemned *Homer*, ſaid *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he ſaw the *Greeks* were the ſtrongeſt, ſo permitted the Gods to declare themſelves, and go to the battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being ſtronger than thoſe who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will ſtill have the ſame advantage. I do not know what anſwer the partiſans of *Homer* made, but, for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than ſolid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* ſhould be ſtronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the decree of deſtiny ſhould be executed. Deſtiny had refuſed to *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights ſingly againſt the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing deſtiny; (as *Homer* has already elſewhere ſaid, that there have been brave men who had done ſo.) Whereas if the Gods took part, tho' thoſe who followed the *Grecians* were ſtronger than thoſe who were for the *Trojans*, the latter would however be ſtrong enough to ſupport deſtiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himſelf maſter of *Troy*: This was *Jupiter*'s ſole view. Thus is the paſſage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

Aſſiſt them, Gods! or *Ilion*'s ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage,
Heav'n's

V. 41. ——— *Or* Ilion's *ſacred wall*
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.]

Monſ. *de la Motte* criticizes on this paſſage, as thinking it abſurd and contradictory to *Homer*'s own ſyſtem, to imagine, that what fate had ordained ſhould not come to paſs. *Jupiter* here ſeems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very day in ſpite of deſtiny, ὑπερ μόρον. M. *Beivin* anſwers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient *Pagan* theology, and their doctrine concerning fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that what deſtiny had decreed did not conſtantly happen in the preciſe time marked by deſtiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be haſtened: For example, that of the death of *Dido* was advanced by the blow ſhe gave herſelf; her hour was not then come.

——*Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,*
Sed miſera ante diem.

Every violent death was accounted ὑπερ μόρον, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the ſame thing) againſt the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the *Romans* expreſſed it. And the ſame might be ſaid of any misfortunes which men drew upon themſelves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on V. 560. *lib.* 16.) In a word, it muſt be allowed that it was not eaſy, in the *Pagan* religion, to form the juſteſt ideas upon a doctrine ſo difficult to be cleared: and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet ſhould not always be perfectly conſiſtent with himſelf, when it has puzzled ſuch a number of divines and philoſophers.

V. 44. *On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage,*
Heav'n's awful Queen, &c.]

Euſtathius has a very curious remark upon this diviſion of the Gods in *Homer*, which M. *Dacier* has entirely borrowed, as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged leſs, than ſhe has every where done from *Euſtathius*. This diviſion, ſays he, is not made at random, but founded upon very ſolid reaſons, drawn from the nature of thoſe two nations. He places on the ſide of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preſide over arts and ſciences, to ſignify how much in that reſpect the *Greeks* excelled all other nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*

Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whoſe azúre round
Girds the vaſt globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire,
And *Vulcan*, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of *Troy*, *Latona*, *Phœbus* came,
Mars, fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aids employ,
Each *Argive* boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great *Achilles*, (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.

Dreadful

Mercury and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*: *Juno*, not only as the Goddeſs who preſides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewiſe as the Goddeſs who repreſents monarchical government, which was better eſtabliſhed in *Greece* than any where elſe; *Pallas*, becauſe being the Goddeſs of war and wiſdom, ſhe ought to aſſiſt thoſe who are wronged. Beſides the *Greeks* underſtood the art of war better than the *Barbarians*; *Neptune*, becauſe he was an enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon*'s perfidiouſneſs, and becauſe moſt of the *Greeks* being come from iſlands or peninſulas, they were in ſome ſort his ſubjects; *Mercury* becauſe he is a God who preſides over ſtratagems of war, and becauſe *Troy* was taken by that of the wooden horſe: and laſtly *Vulcan* as the declared enemy of *Mars* and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

V. 52. Mars, *fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame.*] The reaſons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans*, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Latona*. It is urged that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe *Barbarians* were great dancers: and *Latona*, as influenced by her children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan* river, is intereſted for his country. *Euſtathius*,

Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale *Troy* beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of war.
But when the pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores *Minerva* calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the *Grecian* walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours
With voice divine from *Ilion*'s topmoſt tow'rs,
Now ſhouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath,

V. 75. *Above, the Sire of Gods*, &c.] "The images "(ſays *Longinus*) which *Homer* gives of the combat of the Gods, "have in them ſomething prodigiouſly great and magnificent. "We ſee in theſe verſes, the earth opened to its very centre, "hell ready to diſcloſe itſelf, the whole machine of the world "upon the point of being deſtroyed and overturned: To ſhew "that in ſuch a conflict, heaven and hell, all things mortal "and immortal, the whole creation in ſhort was enga-"ged in this battle, and all the extent of nature in dan-"ger."

Non ſecus ac ſi qua penitus vi terra diſcoens
Infernas reſeret ſedes & regna recludat
Pallida, Diis inviſa, ſuperque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immiſſo lumine manes.

Virgil.

Madam *Dacier* rightly obſerves that this copy is inferior to the original on this account, that *Virgil* has made a compariſon of that which *Homer* made an action. This occaſions an infinite difference, which is eaſy to be perceived.

One

Beneath, ſtern *Neptune* ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their ſummits tremble *Ida*'s woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune*'s arm ſhould lay,
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: Such horrors rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted *Phœbus* took the plain
Againſt blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the Main:
The God of arms his giant-bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to *Pallas*, war's triumphant maid.
Againſt *Latona* march'd the ſon of *May*;
The quiver'd *Dian*, ſiſter of the Day,

(Her

One may compare with this noble paſſage of *Homer*, the battle of the Gods and Giants in *Heſiod's Theogony*, which is one of the ſublimeſt parts of that author; and *Milton*'s battle of the *Angels* in the ſixth book: The elevation and enthuſiaſm of our great countryman ſeems owing to this original.

V. 91. *Firſt ſilver-ſhafted* Phœbus *took the plain*, &c.] With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord: *Pallas* fights with *Mars* which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time from beautiful verſes, and an inſtructive moral. *Euſtathius.*

(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of heav'n, defy'd.
With fiery *Vulcan* laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd *Scamander* by the ſons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of *Hector* turn'd
His eyes around, for *Hector* only burn'd;
And burſt like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.
Like young *Lycaon*, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the pow'r divine:
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.

Then thus the hero of *Anchiſes*' ſtrain,
To meet *Pelides* you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;

From

V. 119. *Already have I met*, &c.] *Euſtathius* remarks that the poet lets no opportunity paſs of inſerting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, eſpecially the actions of *Achilles* the hero of it. In this place he brings in *Æneas* extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confeſſing himſelf to have formerly been vanquiſhed by him: At the ſame time he preſerves a piece of ancient hiſtory, by inſerting into the poem the hero's conqueſt of *Pedaſus* and *Lyrneſſus*.

From *Ida*'s woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, *Pedaſus* in aſhes lay;
But (*Jove* aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.
Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva*'s might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man *Achilles* can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.
To whom the ſon of *Jove*. That God implore,
And be, what great *Achilles* was before.
From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged Sea-God, father of his line,
But *Jove* himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd Queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid:

Behold

V. 121. *From* Ida's *woods he chas'd us*——
But (Jove *aſſiſting*) *I ſurviv'd*.

It is remarkable that *Æneas* owed his ſafety to his flight from *Achilles*, but it may ſeem ſtrange that *Achilles*, who was ſo famed for his ſwiftneſs, ſhould not be able to overtake him, even with *Minerva* for his guide. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge *Æneas* might have of the ways and defiles: *Achilles* being a ſtranger, and *Æneas* having long kept his father's flocks in thoſe parts.

He farther obſerves, that the word φάος diſcovers that it was in the night that *Achilles* purſued *Æneas*,

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo great *Æneas* rushing to the war;
Against *Pelides* he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and *Phœbus* gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she, and thus the God whose force can make
The solid Globe's eternal basis shake.
Against the mighty man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obstruct *Achilles*, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;

In

V. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound*, &c.] It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the reader. The poet is very short in the description

In elder times to guard *Alcides* made,
(The work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva*'s aid)
What-time, a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver *Simois* ſhade:
In circle cloſe each heav'nly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' *Jove* on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.

Mean-

cription, as ſuppoſing the fact already known, and haſtens the combat between *Achilles* and *Æneas*. This is very judicious in *Homer*, not to dwell upon a piece of hiſtory that had no relation to his action, when he has raiſed the reader's expectation by ſo pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themſelves his ſpectators.

The ſtory is as follows. *Laomedon* having defrauded *Neptune* of the reward he promiſed him for the building the walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* ſent a monſtrous whale, to which *Laomedon* expoſed his daughter *Heſione*: But *Hercules* having undertaken to deſtroy the monſter, the *Trojans* raiſed an intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his purſuit: This being a remarkable piece of conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occaſion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by aſcribing the work to *Pallas* the Goddeſs of wiſdom. *Euſtathius*.

V. 180. *Here* Neptune *and the* Gods, &c.] I wonder why *Euſtathius* and all other commentators ſhould be ſilent upon the receſs of the Gods? It ſeems ſtrange at the firſt view, that ſo many deities, after having entered the ſcene of action, ſhould perform ſo ſhort a part, and immediately become themſelves ſpectators? I conceive the reaſon of this conduct in the poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greateſt part of the poem, and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: The poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field, that *Achilles* may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in ſubordination to the deities: Beſides the poem now draws to a concluſion, and it is neceſſary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the minds of the reader.

Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled center yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amidſt both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great *Achilles*; bold *Æneas* here.
With tow'ring ſtrides *Æneas* firſt advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not ſo *Pelides*; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with a hollow groan:
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So fierce *Achilles* on *Æneas* flies:
So ſtands *Æneas*, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd begun
The ſeed of *Thetis* thus to *Venus'* ſon.
Why comes *Æneas* thro' the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet *Achilles'* arm in war,

In

V. 214, &c. *The converſation of* Achilles *and* Æneas.] I ſhall lay before the reader the words of *Euſtathius* in defence of this paſſage, which I confeſs ſeems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader, (ſays he) would naturally expect ſome great and terrible atchievements ſhould enſue from *Achilles* on his firſt entrance upon action. The poet ſeems to prepare us for

In hope the realms of *Priam* to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of *Troy*?
Grant that beneath thy lance *Achilles* dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize;
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those Sons too well.
Or in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has *Troy* propos'd some spacious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot,
But can *Achilles* be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great *Æneas* seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from *Ida*'s mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd *Lyrnessus*, turn'd his head.

Her

for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: But instead of a storm we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between two heroes: Thus he always agreeably surprizes his readers. Besides the admirers of *Homer* reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the heroes. There is a chain of ancient history as well as a series of poetical beauties.

Madam *Dacier*'s excuse is very little better: And to shew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taste of every reader who certainly finds himself disappointed: Our expectation is raised to see Gods and heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a combat in which neither party receives a wound; and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the spectators of so small an action! What occasion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and descending deities, to introduce a matter of so little importance? Neither is it an excuse to say he has given us a piece of ancient history; we expected to read a poet and not an historian. In short, after the greatest preparation for action imaginable, he suspends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the simplicity of an historian.

Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtay'd;
Thoſe, *Pallas*, *Jove*, and we in ruins laid:
In *Grecian* chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great *Æneas* fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; whilſt thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this *Anchiſes* ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or *Venus*' offspring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth,
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origine we prove
From ancient *Dardanus*, the firſt from *Jove*:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for *Ilion*, then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of *Ida*'s ſount-ful hill.

From

V. 258. *The natives were content to till,*
The ſhady foot of Ida's *faunt-ful hill.*]

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιςο πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,
Ἀλλ' ἐΰ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πλυτιδάκυ Ἴδης.

Plato

From *Dardanus*, great *Erichthonius* ſprings,
The richeſt once, of *Aſia*'s wealthy Kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind,
Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;

And

Plato and *Strabo* underſtood this paſſage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were firſt inhabited, after the deluge; and that mankind by degrees deſcended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word ὑπώρεια ſignify) and only in greater proceſs of time ventured into the valleys: *Virgil* however ſeems to have taken this word in a ſenſe ſomething different, where he alludes to this paſſage. *Æn.* 3. 109.

——*Nondum Ilium & arces*
Pergameæ ſteterant, habitabant vallibus imis.

V. 262. *Three thouſand mares*, &c.] The number of the horſes and mares of *Erichthonius* may ſeem incredible, were we not aſſured by *Herodotus* that there were in the ſtud of *Cyrus* at one time (beſides thoſe for the ſervice of war) eight hundred horſes and ſix thouſand ſix hundred mares. *Euſtathius.*

V. 264. Boreas *enamour'd*, &c.] *Homer* has the happineſs of making the leaſt circumſtance conſiderable: the ſubject grows under his hands, and the plaineſt matter ſhines in his dreſs of poetry: Another poet would have ſaid theſe horſes were as ſwift as the wind, but *Homer* tells you that they ſprung from *Boreas* the God of the wind; and thence drew their ſwiftneſs.

V. 270. *Theſe lightly ſkimming as they ſwept the plain.*] The Poet illuſtrates the ſwiftneſs of theſe horſes by deſcribing them as running over the ſtanding corn, and ſurface of waters, without any impreſſion. *Virgil* has imitated theſe lines, and

adapts

And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such *Erichthonius* was: From him there came
The ſacred *Tros*, of whom the *Trojan* name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, and *Ganymed*:
The matchleſs *Ganymed*, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n enamour'd ſnatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of *Jove* (æthereal gueſt)
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt.
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe *Laomedon* from *Ilus*' ſide;

From

adapts what *Homer* ſays of theſe horſes to the ſwiftneſs of *Camilla*. *Æn.* 7. 809

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina; nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas:

The reader will eaſily perceive that *Virgil*'s is almoſt a literal tranſlation: He has imitated the very run of the verſes, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as ſwift as the wind they deſcribe.

I cannot but obſerve one thing in favour of *Homer*, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by conſidering the conduct of *Virgil*: Who, tho' undoubtedly the greateſt poet after him, ſeldom ventures to vary much from his original in the paſſages he takes from him, as in a deſpair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

V. 280. *To bear the cup of* Jove.] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages been reckoned an honourable employment: *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her brother *Labichas*, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of *Mitylene*: The ſon of *Menelaus* executed the ſame office; *Hebe* and *Mercury* ſerved the Gods in the ſame ſtation.

It was the cuſtom in the *Pagan* worſhip to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the ſacrifice: In this office *Ganymede* might probably attend upon the altar of *Jupiter*, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. *Euſtathius.*

From him *Tithonus*, now in cares grown old,
And *Priam*, (bleſt with *Hector*, brave and bold:)
Clytius and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd pair;
And *Hicetaon*, thunderbolt of war.
From great *Aſſaracus* ſprung *Capys*, He
Begat *Anchiſes*,, and *Anchiſes* me.
Such is our race: 'Tis fortune gives us birth,
But *Jove* alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue:
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For ev'ry man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'Tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, *Pelides* held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms,
Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd;

Five

Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great *Achilles* flew,
And pierc'd the *Dardan* ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the *Pelian* weapon glides,
And the ſlight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright,
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at *Æneas* flies:
Æneas rouzing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.
Lo! on the brink of fate *Æneas* ſtands,
An inſtant victim to *Achilles'* hands:
By *Phœbus* urg'd; but *Phœbus* has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: The man o'erpow'rs the God.

And

V. 339. *But Ocean's God*, &c.] The conduct of the poet in making *Æneas* owe his ſafety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable; *Neptune* is an enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not ſuffer ſo pious a man to fall, leſt *Jupiter* ſhould be offended: This ſhews, ſays *Euſtathius*, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are ſometimes conferred not out of kindneſs, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus *Neptune* preſerves *Æneas*, leſt *Jupiter* ſhould revenge his death upon the *Grecians*.

And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, tho' he wars for *Troy*, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can *Jove* reſign
The future father of the *Dardan* line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For *Priam* now, and *Priam*'s faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;
On great *Æneas* ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.

The

V. 345. *And can you ſee this righteous chief*, &c.] Tho' *Æneas* is repreſented as a man of great courage, yet his piety is his moſt ſhining character: This is the reaſon why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him conſtantly thro' the whole poem with their immediate protection.

It is in this light that *Virgil* has preſented him to the view of the reader: His valour bears but the ſecond place in the *Æneis*. In the *Ilias* indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the *Æneis* at full length; but there are the ſame features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the ſame *Æneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

V. 355. *On great* Æneas *ſhall devolve the reign.*
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.] The ſtory of *Æneas* his founding the *Roman* empire, gave *Virgil* the fineſt occaſion imaginable of paying a compliment to *Auguſtus*, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the deſcendants of *Troy*. He has tranſlated theſe two lines literally, and put them into the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of *Æneas*'s ſailing into *Italy*, imagine *Homer*'s to be

——Αἰνείαο δ' ἐν Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοκίκεν μεθόπισθε γένωνται.

Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum & qui naſcentur ab illis.

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as *Strabo* obſerves) in theſe two lines, by ſubſtituting πάντεσσι in the room

The great earth-ſhaker thus: To whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes.

Good

of τρώεσσι. It is not improbable but *Virgil* might give occaſion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Euſtathius does not entirely diſcountenance this ſtory: If it be underſtood, ſays he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the *Sibylline oracles*. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the proſecution of the *Trojan* war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a concluſion. Thus for inſtance, we have here a piece of hiſtory not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the houſe of *Æneas* ſucceeded to the crown of *Troas*, and to the kingdoms of *Priam*. *Euſtathius*.

This paſſage is very conſiderable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the *Roman* empire, and of the family of the *Cæſars*, who both pretended to deduce their original from *Venus* by *Æneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Æneas* came into *Italy*: and this pretenſion is hereby actually deſtroyed. This teſtimony of *Homer* ought to be looked upon as an authentic act, the fidelity and verity whereof cannot be queſtioned. *Neptune*, as much an enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Æneas*, and after him his poſterity, ſhall reign over the *Trojans*. Would *Homer* have put this prophecy in *Neptune*'s mouth, if he had not known that *Æneas* did not leave *Troy*, but that he reigned there, and if he had not ſeen in his time the deſcendants of that Prince reign likewiſe? That poet wrote two hundred and ſixty years, or thereabouts, after the taking of *Troy*; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in ſome of the towns of *Ionia*, that is to ſay, in the neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, ſo that the time and place give ſuch a weight to his depoſition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the hiſtorians have written concerning *Æneas*'s voyage into *Italy*, ought to be conſidered as a Romance, made on purpoſe to deſtroy all hiſtorical truth, for the moſt ancient is poſterior to *Homer* by ſome ages. Before *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, ſome writers being ſenſible of the ſtrength of this paſſage of *Homer*; undertook to explain it ſo as to reconcile it with this fable; and they ſaid that *Æneas*, after having been in *Italy*, return'd to *Troy*, and left his ſon *Aſcanius* there. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, little ſatisfied with this ſolution, which did not ſeem to him to be probable, has taken another method: He would have that by it theſe words, "He ſhall reign over the *Trojans*,"

Homer

Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The *Dardan* Prince, O *Neptune*, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the *Trojan* kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
'Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warrior flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er *Achilles'* eyes.
From great *Æneas'* ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The *Dardan* Prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,

meant, he ſhall reign over the *Trojans* whom he ſhall carry with him into *Italy*. "For is it not poſſible, ſays he, "that *Æneas* ſhould reign over the *Trojans*, whom he "had taken with him, tho' ſettled elſewhere?"

That hiſtorian who wrote in *Rome* itſelf, and in the very reign of *Auguſtus*, was willing to make his court to that Prince, by explaining this paſſage of *Homer*, ſo as to favour the chimæra he was poſſeſſed with. And this is a reproach that may with ſome juſtice be caſt on him; for Poets may by their fiction flatter Princes and welcome: it is their trade. But for hiſtorians to corrupt the gravity and ſeverity of hiſtory, to ſubſtitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. *Strabo* was much more ſcrupulous, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of *Tiberius*'s reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this paſſage of *Homer*; and to aver, that this Poet ſaid, and meant, that *Æneas* remained at *Troy*, that he reign'd therein, *Priam*'s whole race being extinguiſhed, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, *lib.* 13. You may ſee this whole matter diſcuſſed in a letter from M. *Bochart* to M. *de Segrais*, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the tranſlation of *Virgil*.

Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds.
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow *Caucans* cloſe the rear of fight:
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:
What Pow'r, O Prince, with force inferior far
Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no *Grecian* force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from *Achilles* chas'd the miſt away:

Sudden,

378. *Where the ſlow* Caucans *cloſe the rear.*] The *Caucans* (ſays *Euſtathius.*) were of *Paphlagonian* extract: And this perhaps was the reaſon why they are not diſtinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of *Paphlagonians:* Tho' two lines are quoted which are ſaid to have been left out by ſome tranſcriber and immediately followed this,

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγιαλόν τε καὶ ὑψηλοὺς Ἐρυθίνους.

Which verſes are theſe,

Καύκωνας αὖ τ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμεισῶος.

Ὣ περὶ παρθένιον πολαμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Yet I believe theſe are not *Homer's* lines, but rather the addition of ſome tranſcriber, and it is evident by conſulting the paſſage from which they are ſaid to have been curtailed, that they would be abſurd in that place, for the ſecond line is actually there already; and as theſe *Caucans* are ſaid to live upon the banks of the *Parthenius*, ſo are the *Paphlagonians* in the above mentioned paſſage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucans* are included in the *Paphlagonians.*

Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* Lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not *Mars* himſelf, nor great *Minerva*'s rage.
But whatſoe'r *Achilles* can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire,
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all *Achilles*, *Greeks!* is yours to-day.
Thro' yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid: Nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The god-like *Hector* warm'd the troops of *Troy*.
Trojans, to war! Think *Hector* leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of *Peleus*' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all heav'n defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon' boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire;

That fire, that ſteel, your *Hector* ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But *Phœbus* warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
The ſingle fight with *Thetis'* godlike ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of Light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce *Achilles*, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On *Troy*'s whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls *Iphytion*, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great *Otryntеus* he derived his blood,
His mother was a *Naïs* of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of *Tmolus*, crown'd with ſnow,
From *Hyde*'s walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides;
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the ſlain.
Lie there, *Otryntides!* the *Trojan* earth
Receives thee dead, tho' *Gyga* boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where *Hyllus'* waves are roll'd,
And plenteous *Hermus* ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of *Greece* the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, *Antenor*'s offſpring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.

Th'

Th' impatient ſteel with full-deſcending ſway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way,
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees *Hippodamus*, and ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: An ignoble wound
The panting *Trojan* rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: Not louder roars
At *Neptune*'s ſhrine on *Helice*'s high ſhoars
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on *Polydore* his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of *Priam*'s ſtooping age:

V. 467. ——*Not louder roars*
At Neptune's *ſhrine on* Helice's *high ſhores*, &c.] In *Helice*, a town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a league from the gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent temple where the *Ionians* offered every year a ſacrifice of a bull; and it was with theſe people an auſpicious ſign, and a certain mark that the ſacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the *Ionic* migration, which happened about 140 years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Aſia* aſſembled in the fields of *Priene* to celebrate the ſame feſtival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as thoſe of *Priene* valued themſelves upon being originally of *Helice*, they choſe for the King of the ſacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needleſs to diſpute from whence the Poet has taken his compariſon; for as he lived 100, or 120 years after the *Ionic* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Aſian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itſelf; where he had probably often aſſiſted at that ſacrifice, and been witneſs of the ceremonies therein obſerved. This Poet always appears ſtrongly addicted to the cuſtom of the *Ionians*, which makes ſome conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himſelf. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

V. 471. *Then fell on* Polydore *his vengeful rage*] *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has followed another tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the ſon of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and ſlain by *Polymneſtor* King of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according

(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful Knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When *Hector* view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy *Polydore*;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in *Achilles'* dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.
The ſon of *Peleus* ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:

And,

cording to *Homer*, he is not the ſon of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoë*, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather choſen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

V. 489. *Full in* Achilles' *dreadful front he came.*] The great judgment of the Poet in keeping the character of this hero, is in this place very evident: When *Achilles* was to engage *Æneas*, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of *Æneas*: Had he purſued the ſame method with *Hector*, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſſion in *Achilles*: He left the field in a rage againſt *Agamemnon*, and entered again to be revenged of *Hector*: The Poet therefore judiciouſly makes him to take fire at the ſight of his enemy: He deſcribes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: His impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words.

And, lo! the Man, on whom black fates attend;
The man that ſlew *Achilles*, in his friend!
No more ſhall *Hector*'s and *Pelides*' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such could we give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war;
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: But *Pallas*' heav'nly breath
Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to *Hector* flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, preſent to his aid, *Apollo* ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck *Pelides* with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:

V. 513. *But preſent to his aid*, Apollo.] It is a common obſervation, that a God ſhould never be introduced into a poem but where his preſence is neceſſary. And it may be aſked why the life of *Hector* is of ſuch importance that *Apollo* ſhould reſcue him from the hand of *Achilles* here, and yet ſuffer him to fall ſo ſoon after? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that the Poet had not yet ſufficiently exalted the valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his atchievements, and riſes by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and reſentment at one blow in the death of *Hector*. And the Poet, adds he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by ſhewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have ſaved *Æneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.

The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any pow'r aſſiſt *Achilles'* hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then *Dryops* tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: He left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd *Demuchus*, great *Philetor*'s heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and *Dardanus* expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world,
This diff'rence only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd, young *Alaſtor* bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee, with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form and age ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art
Ere bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

While

V. 541. ——*No pray'r, no moving art,*
Ere bent that fierce inexorable heart!

I confeſs it is a ſatisfaction to me, to obſerve with what art the Poet purſues his ſubject: The opening of the Poem profeſſes to treat of the anger of *Achilles*; that anger draws on all the great events of the ſtory: And *Homer* at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it by mentioning the

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs falchion op'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Thro' *Mulius'* head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, *Echeclus!* next the ſword bereaves,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoaking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave *Deucalion* dy'd: The dart was flung:
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung:
He dropp'd his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt, the corps extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful *Thracia* came,
(The ſon of *Pireus*, an illuſtrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: The ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief deſcends:
The Squire who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd, the *Pelian* jav'lin gor'd;
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying Lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,

This

the effects of it: So that when we ſee in this place the hero deaf to youth and compaſſion it is what we expect: Mercy in him would offend, becauſe it is contrary to his character. *Homer* propoſes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the Poem which he deſigned the reader ſhould draw from it, is, that we ſhould avoid anger, ſince it is ever pernicious in the event.

This way and that, the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero thro' the waſted ſhores.
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhow'rs.
As with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies *Ceres'* ſacred floor,
When round and round, with never weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain.
So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out Heroes ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoaking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore:
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death *Achilles* ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the Luſt of never-dying Fame!

V. 580. *The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain.*] In *Greece*, inſtead of thraſhing the corn as we do, they cauſed it to be trod out by the oxen; this was likewiſe practiſed in *Judæa*, as is ſeen by the law of God, who forbad the *Jews* to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn: *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in aream fruges tuas.* Deut. xxv. *Dacier.*

The ſame practice is ſtill preſerved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks.*

The ſimilies at the end.] It is uſual with our author to heap his ſimilies very thick together at the concluſion of a book. He has done the ſame in the ſeventeenth: it is the natural diſcharge of a vaſt imagination, heated in its progreſs, and giving itſelf vent in this croud of images.

I cannot cloſe the notes upon this book without obſerving the dreadful idea of *Achilles*, which the Poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over ſhields, and mangled heaps of ſlain: The wheels, the axle-tree, and the horſes are ſtained with blood; the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with ſlaughter. A Painter might form from this paſſage the picture of *Mars* in the fulneſs of his terrors, as well as *Phidias* is ſaid to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his majeſty.

THE

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The battle in the river *Scamander.*

THE Trojans *fly before* Achilles, *ſome towards the town, others to the river* Scamander: *He falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of* Patroclus; *and kills* Lycaon *and* Aſteropæus. Scamander *attacks him with all his waves*; Neptune *and* Pallas *aſſiſt the Hero*, Simois *joins* Scamander; *at length* Vulcan, *by the inſtigation of* Juno, *almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while* Achilles *continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into* Troy: Agenor *only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by* Apollo; *who (to delude* Achilles) *takes upon him* Agenor's *ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the* Trojans *an opportunity of retiring into their city.*

The ſame day continues. The ſcene *is in the banks and in the ſtream of* Scamander.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AND now to *Xanthus'* gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of *Jove*.
The river here divides the flying train:
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe

* This book is entirely different from all the foregoing: Tho' it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and ſurprizing kind, diverſified with a vaſt variety of imagery and deſcription. The ſcene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and deſcribes a battle amidſt an inundation. It is obſervable that though the whole war of the *Iliad* was upon the banks of theſe rivers, *Homer* has artfully left out the machinery of River-Gods, in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhauſted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this deſcription of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contraſt in that of the drought: The part of *Achilles* is admirably ſuſtained, and the new ſtrokes which *Homer* gives to his picture are ſuch, as are derived from the very ſource of his character, and finiſh the entire draught of this hero.

How

(Theſe with a gather'd miſt *Saturnia* ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
Part plunge into the ſtream: Old *Xanthus* roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound,
And here, and there in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd Locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n

How far all that apppears wonderful or extravagant in this Epiſode, may be reconciled to probability, truth, and natural reaſon, will be conſidered in a diſtinct note on that head: The reader may find it on v. 447.

V. 2. Xanthus, *immortal progeny of* Jove.] The river is ſaid to be the ſon of *Jupiter*, on account of its being ſupplied with waters that fall from *Jupiter*, that is from heaven. *Euſtathius.*

V. 14. *As the ſcorch'd locuſts*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that ſeveral countries have been much infeſted with armies of locuſts; and that to prevent their deſtroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locuſts to avoid the intenſe heat were forced to caſt themſelves into the water. From this obſervation the Poet draws his alluſion, which is very much to the honour of *Achilles*, ſince it repreſents the *Trojans* with reſpect to him as no more than ſo many inſects.

The ſame commentator takes notice, that becauſe the iſland of *Cyprus* in particular was uſed to practiſe this method with the locuſts, ſome authors have conjectured that *Homer* was of that country. But if this were a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition, he might be ſaid to be born in almoſt all the countries of the world, ſince he draws his obſervations from the cuſtoms of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of theſe locuſts, mentioned among the plagues of *Ægypt*, without having recourſe to an immediate creation, as ſome good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed conſiſts in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Ægyptians*. I have often obſerved with pleaſure the ſimilitude which many of *Homer*'s expreſſions bear with the holy ſcriptures, and that the moſt ancient heathen writer in the world, often ſpeaks in the

Driv'n from the land before the ſmoaky cloud,
The cluſt'ring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles'* force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading Tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves;
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the *Trojans* fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie.
So the huge Dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with ſlaughter, from the *Trojan* band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;

With

the Idiom of *Moſes*: Thus as the locuſts in *Exodus* are ſaid to be driven into the *ſea*, ſo in *Homer* they are forced into a *river*.

V. 30. *So the huge Dolphin*, &c.] It is obſervable with what juſtneſs the author diverſifies his compariſons according to the different ſcenes and elements he is engaged in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, *&c.* Now he is in the water, the Poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. *Euſtathius.*

V. 34. *Now tir'd with ſlaughter.*] This is admirably well ſuited to the character of *Achilles*, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppoſe him, and ſtops not, till nature itſelf could not keep pace with his anger. He had determined to reſerve twelve noble youths to ſacrifice them to the *Manes* of *Patroclus*, but his reſentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his paſſion abates,

and

With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains)
Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to *Patroclus'* ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young *Lycaon* in his paſſage ſtood;

The

and he is tired with ſlaughter: Without this circumſtance, I think an objection might naturally be raiſed, that in the time of a purſuit *Achilles* gave the enemy too much leiſure to eſcape, while he buſied himſelf with tying theſe priſoners: Tho' it is not abſolutely neceſſary to ſuppoſe he tyed them with his own hands.

V. 35. *Twelve choſen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in *Achilles* has appeared ſhocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excuſed by conſidering the ferocious and vindictive ſpirit of this hero. 'Tis however certain that the cruelties exerciſed on enemies in war were authorized by the military laws of thoſe times; nay, religion itſelf became a ſanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Æneas*, whoſe very character is virtue and compaſſion, that reſerves ſeveral young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to ſacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite hero. *Æn.* v. 517.

——Sulmone creatos
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufrens
Vivantes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
Captivoque rogi perfundat ſanguine flammas.

And *Æn.* 11. v. 81.

Vinxerat & poſt terga manus, quos mitteret umbris,
Inferias, cæſo ſparſuros ſanguine flammam.

And (what is very particular) the *Latin* poet expreſſes no diſapprobation of the action, which the *Grecian* does in plain terms, ſpeaking of this in *Iliad* 23. v. 176,

——— Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα.

V. 41. *The young* Lycaon, *&c.*] *Homer* has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving ſuch incidents as ſet the characteriſtick qualities of his heroes in the higheſt point of light. There is hardly any in the whole *Iliad* more proper to move pity than this circumſtance of *Lycaon*; or to raiſe terror, than this view of *Achilles*. It is alſo the fineſt picture of them both imaginable: We ſee the different attitudes of their perſons

and

The ſon of *Priam*, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)
To *Lemnos* iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where *Jaſon*'s ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind *Eëtion* touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd Prince to fair *Ariſbe* bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand:
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great *Achilles* ey'd,
(The helm and vizor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield.)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero ſaid.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of *Trojans* kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhade, and brave me on the field.

As

and the different paſſions which appeared in their countenances: At firſt *Achilles* ſtands erect, with ſurprize in his looks at the ſight of one whom he thought it impoſſible to find there: while *Lycaon* is in the poſture of a ſuppliant, with looks that plead for compaſſion: with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: Afterwards when at his death he lets go the ſpear, and places himſelf on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how ſtrongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this paſſage, and allows that poetry (at leaſt in *Homer*) is truly a ſpeaking picture.

As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to *Lemnos*, ſtalks on *Trojan* ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try then my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If Earth at length this active Prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down *Hercules*.
Thus while he ſpake, the *Trojan* pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while above the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embraced them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart;
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.
Thy well-known captive, great *Achilles!* ſee,
Once more *Lycaon* trembles at thy knee.

Some

V. 84. *The ſpeeches of* Lycaon *and* Achilles.] It is impoſſible for any thing to be better imagined than theſe two ſpeeches; that of *Lycaon* is moving and compaſſionate, that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmoſt ſterneſs: One would think it impoſſible to amaſs ſo many moving arguments in ſo few words as thoſe of *Lycaon*: he forgets no circumſtance to ſoften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of *Patroclus*, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himſelf upon him as a ſuppliant, and conſequently as an inviolable perſon: But *Achilles* is immoveable, his reſentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it muſt be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I muſt confeſs I could have wiſhed *Achilles* had ſpared him: There are ſo many circumſtances that ſpeak in his favour, that he

Some pity to a Suppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of *Ceres* at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to *Lemnos* bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! *Jove* again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!
I ſprung from *Priam*, and *Laothöe* fair,
(Old *Alte*'s daughter, *Lelegia*'s heir;
Who held in *Pedaſus* his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver *Satnio* flow'd)
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd *Polydore*.
How from that arm of terror ſhall I fly?
Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of *Hector*'s kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath
With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus*' death.
These words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:

In

he deſerved his life, had he not aſked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatneſs in the concluſion of the ſpeech of *Achilles*, which ſtrikes me very much: He ſpeaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for aſking life ſo earneſtly, a life that was of ſo much leſs importance than his own.

In vain a ſingle *Trojan* ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of *Priam*'s hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more!
He, far thy better, was fore-doom'd to die,
And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?
Seeſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, of a goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then —— he ſaid; and as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk, before the ſtroke;
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear;
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear.
Sudden, *Achilles* his broad ſword diſplay'd
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſs gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.
Lie there, *Lycaon!* let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy goary wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift *Scamander* roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

So

V. 121. *The day ſhall come——*
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart.

This is not ſpoken at random, but with an air of ſuperiority; when *Achilles* ſays he ſhall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a ſpear, he inſinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a cloſe fight, or engage him hand to hand. *Euſtathius.*

So periſh *Troy*, and all the *Trojan* line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now *Scamander*'s worſhip'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus till the *Grecian* vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd *Patroclus*' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of *Achilles* paid.
Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check *Achilles*, and to reſcue *Troy*?
Mean while the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great *Aſteropæus* to mortal war;
The ſon of *Pelagon*, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of *Axius*, ſtream divine!
(Fair *Peribæa*'s love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)

On

V. 146. *Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was an ancient cuſtom to caſt living horſes into the ſea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by theſe victims, the rapidity of their ſtreams. This practice continued a long time, and hiſtory ſupplies us with examples of it: *Aurelius Victor* ſays of *Pompey* the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur*, Neptuni *ſe filium confeſſus eſt, eumque bobus auratis & equo placavit.* He offered oxen in ſacrifice, and threw a living horſe into the ſea, as appears from *Dion*; which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*. *Euſtath.* *Dacier.*

V. 152. *With fury ſwells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the epiſode of the river *Xanthus* ever ſince the beginning of the laſt book; and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon *Achilles*: It is not only becauſe he is a river of *Troas*, but, as *Euſtathius* remarks, becauſe it is in defence of a man that was deſcended from a brother River-God: He was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, becauſe he had choaked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen the *Trojans*.

On him *Achilles* ruſh'd: He fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on *Pelides'* head
T' avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, *Achilles* thus began,
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the Sire,
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
O ſon of *Peleus!* what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illuſtrious race?
From rich *Pæonia*'s vallies I command,
Arm'd with protended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of *Ilion* to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threat'ning he ſaid: The hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once *Aſteropæus* diſcharg'd each lance,
(For both his dex'trous hands the lance cou'd wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* ſhield;

One

V. 171. *From rich* Pæonia's——*&c.*] In the Catalogue *Pyræchmes* is ſaid to be commander of the *Pæonians*, where they are deſcribed as bow-men; but here they are ſaid to be armed with ſpears, and to have *Aſteropæus* for their general. *Euſtathius* tells us, ſome criticks aſſerted that this line in the *Cat.* V. 355.

Πηλεγόνος θ' υἱὸς περιδέξιος Ἀστεροπαῖος,

followed

Αὐλὰς Πυραίχμης ἆγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους.

but I ſee no reaſon for ſuch an aſſertion. *Homer* has expreſsly told us in this ſpeech, that it was but ten days ſince he came to the aid of *Troy*; he might be made general of the *Pæonians* upon the death of *Pyræchmes*, who was killed in the ſixteenth book. Why alſo might not the *Pæonians*, as well as *Teucer*, excel in the management both of the bow and ſpear?

One raz'd *Achil'es'* hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like light'ning next the *Pe'ian* jav'lin flies;
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword *Pelides* drew,
And on his foe with double fury flew;
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood,
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear in vain;
Bent as he ſtands he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of *Jove*.
Sprung from a River didſt thou boaſt thy line,
But great *Saturnius* is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny;
Of *Peleus*, *Æacus*, and *Jove*, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.

V. 187. *Deep in the ſwelling banks was driv'n the ſpear,*
Ev'n in the middle earth'd,—]

It was impoſſible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the ſtrength of *Achil'es* than he has by this circumſtance: His ſpear pierced ſo deep into the ground, that another hero of great ſtrength could not diſengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, *Achilles* draws it with the utmoſt eaſe: How prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a ſpear half way into the earth and then with a touch releaſe it?

What rivers can, *Scamander* might have ſhown;
But *Jove* he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n *Achelous* might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thund'ring voice of *Jove* abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathleſs warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd *Phæonians* ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, *Aſtypylus*, and *Mneſus* ſlew;
Mydon, *Therſilochus*, with *Ænius* fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulph profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.
O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If *Jove* hath giv'n thee ev'ry *Trojan* head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my choak'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
In human form confeſs'd before his eyes
The River thus; and thus the Chief replies.

O ſacred

O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till *Troy* the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Nor till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud *Hector*, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee *Achilles* fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow Flood began: O ſon of *Jove!*
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and expreſs; that *Phœbus* ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of *Troy*,
And make her conquer, till *Hyperion*'s fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain —— the chief without diſmay
Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars;
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt,
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborne, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,

V. 263. *Now burſting on his head*, &c.] There is a great beauty in the verſification of this whole paſſage in *Homer*: Some of the verſes run hoarſe, full, and ſonorous, like the torrent they deſcribe; others by their broken cadences, and ſudden ſtops, image the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march againſt it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the ruſhing of the branches in the water, are all put into ſuch words, that almoſt every letter corre ponds in its ſound, and echoes to the ſenſe of each particular.

Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: The hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of *Troy*.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aerial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, *Achilles* ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:

Now

V. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs——*] If we had no other account of the river *Xanthus* but this, it were alone ſufficient to ſhew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here ſays that the elm ſtretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the ſuddenneſs of this inundation perfectly agrees with a narrow river.

V. 276. *Leap'd from the channel.*) *Euſtathius* recites a criticiſm on this verſe: in the original the word Λίμνη ſignifies *Stagnum, Lacus*, a *ſtanding water*; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: To ſolve this, ſays that author, ſome have ſuppoſed that the tree which lay a-croſs the river ſtopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to ſpread as it were into a pool. Others, diſſatisfied with this ſolution, think that a miſtake is crept into the text, and that inſtead of ἐκ Λίμνης, ſhould be inſerted ἐκ δίνης. But I do not ſee the neceſſity of having recourſe to either of theſe ſolutions; for why may not the word Λίμνη ſignify here the *channel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verſe? And nothing being more common than to ſubſtitute a part for the whole, why may not the channel be ſuppoſed to imply the whole river?

Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs.
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
Still flies *Achilles*, but before his eyes
Still ſwift *Scamander* rolls where-e'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
So oft' the ſurge, in wat'ry mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.

V. 289. *So when a peaſant to his garden brings*, &c.] This changing of the character is very beautiful: No poet ever knew, like *Homer*, to paſs from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; ſuch tranſitions, when properly made, give a ſingular pleaſure, as when in muſick a maſter paſſes from the rough to the tender. *Demetrius Phalerius*, who only praiſes this compariſon for its clearneſs, has not ſufficiently recommended its beauty and value. *Virgil* has transferred it into his firſt book of the *Georgicks*, V 106.

Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit, rivoſque ſequentes:
Et cum exuſtus ager morientibus æſtuat herbis,
Ecce ſupercilio cliveſi tramitis undam
Elicit: Illa cad ns raucum per lævia murmur
Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva.

Dacier.

Yet doubtleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.
Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend,
No pow'r t'avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh *Jove!* this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of fate,
Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of *Thetis*, muſt her ſon complain:
By *Phœbus'* darts ſhe propheſy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the *Trojan* wall.
Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm;

Might

V. 321. *Oh had I dy'd in fields of battle warm!* &c.] Nothing is more agreeable than this wiſh to the heroick character of *Achilles*: Glory is his prevailing paſſion; he grieves not that he muſt die, but that he ſhould die unlike a man of honour. *Virgil* has made uſe of the ſame thought in the ſame circumſtance, where *Æneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Æn.* 1. V. 98.

——*O terque quaterque beati,*
Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ *ſub mœnibus altis*
Contigit oppetere! O Danaûm fortiſſime gentis
Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuiſſe? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ!

Lucan, in the fifth book of his *Pharſalia*, repreſenting *Cæſar* in the ſame circumſtance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundleſs thirſt of glory, in his hero; when after he has repined in the ſame manner with *Achilles*, he acquieſces at laſt in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired;

——*Licet ingentes abruperit actus*
Feſtinata dies fati, ſat magna peregi.
Arctoas domui gentes: Inimica ſubegi
Arma manu: Vidit Magnum mihi Roma ſecundum.

And

Might *Hector*'s ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah no! *Achilles* meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom, on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe to the ſea.
Neptune and *Pallas* haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt. Forbear thy fear,
O ſon of *Peleus!* Lo thy Gods appear!
Behold! from *Jove* deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious *Neptune*, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
Till *Troy* receive her flying ſons, till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
And *Hector*'s blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance,
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms: while caſques of gold,
And turn'd-up bucklers, glitter'd as they roll'd.

And only wiſhes that his obſcure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might ſtill fear and expect him.

—*Lacerum retinete cadaver*
Fluctibus in mediis; deſint mihi buſta, roguſque,
Dum metuar ſemper, terrâque expecter ab omni.

High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While *Pallas* fills him with immortal force,
With equal rage indignant *Xanthus* roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to *Simois*: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controuls a God:
Our braveſt Heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And *Ilion* tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each *Trojan* eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No *Greek* ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather or enhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
ncreas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry ſtep, before *Achilles* ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: She ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd *Vulcan*'s aid.

Riſe

Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: Aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift Eaſtern and the Weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in the channel boil:
As when autumnal *Boreas* ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry;
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery blaſt around.

V. 405. *While* Vulcan *breath'd the fiery blaſt around.*] It is in the original, V. 355.

Πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.

The epithet given to *Vulcan* in this verſe (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστοιο πολύφρονος, has no ſort of alluſion to the action deſcribed: For what has his *wiſdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river *Xanthus*? This is uſual in our author, and much exclaimed againſt by his modern antagoniſts, whom Mr. *Boileau* very well anſwers. "It is not ſo ſtrange "in *Homer* to give theſe epithets to perſons upon occaſions "which can have no reference to them; the ſame is frequent "in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name "of *Saint*, when we ſpeak of any action of his that has not the "leaſt regard to his *ſanctity*: As when we ſay, for example, "that St. *Paul* held the garments of thoſe who ſtoned St. *Ste-*"*phen*."

Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flow'ry *Lotos*, and the Tam'riſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath:
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
Or gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid.

Oh *Vulcan!* oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight ———
I yield—Let *Ilion* fall; if fate decree——
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; while conflagration blazing round,
The bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoak aſpires:

So

V. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe.*] It is impoſſible to render literally ſuch paſſages with any tolerable beauty. Theſe ideas can never be made to ſhine in *Engliſh*, ſome particularities cannot be preſerved; but the *Greek* language gives them luſtre: the words are noble and muſical;

Ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
Κνίσσῃ μελδόμενος ἁπαλοστρεφέος σιάλοιο,
Πάντοθεν ἀμφολίδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κίγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a tranſlator is to preſerve the meaning of the ſimile, and embelliſh it with ſome words of affinity that carry nothing low in the ſenſe or ſound.

So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To *Juno* then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning River ſends his earneſt pray'er.
Ah why, *Saturnia!* muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of *Troy*.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command,
But ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to fate
Unaided *Ilion*, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
Till *Greece* ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the *Trojan* name.

His warm entreaty touch'd *Saturnia*'s ear:
She bid th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recal the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: The obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While

V. 447. *And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *epiſode* of the *river fight*; and I muſt here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it: Which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true hiſtory. Nothing can give a better idea of *Homer*'s manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plaineſt and ſimpleſt incidents noble and poetical, than to conſider the whole paſſage in the common hiſtorical ſenſe, which I ſuppoſe to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river *Xanthus* during the ſiege, which very much incommoded the Aſſailants: This gave occaſion for the fiction of an engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God: *Xanthus* calling *Simois* to aſſiſt him, implies that theſe two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: *Pallas* and *Neptune* relieve *Achilles*; that is, *Pallas*, or the *wiſdom* of *Achilles*, found ſome means to divert the waters, and turn them into the *ſea*; wherefore *Neptune*, the God of it, is feigned to aſſiſt him. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (by which

While theſe by *Juno*'s will the ſtriſe reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms:
With horrid clangor ſhook the æthereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.

The

which are underſtood the aërial regions) conſent to aid *Achilles*; that may ſignify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy ſeaſon, which aſſuaged the waters, and dried the ground: And what makes this in a manner plain, is, that *Juno* (which ſignifies the *air*) promiſes to ſend the *north* and *weſt winds* to diſtreſs the river. *Xanthus* being conſumed by *Vulcan*, that is, dried up with heat, prays to *Juno* to relieve him: What is this, but that the drought having drank up his ſtreams, he has recourſe to the *air* for rains to re-ſupply his current? Or perhaps the whole may ſignify no more, than that *Achilles*, being on the farther ſide of the river, plunged himſelf in to purſue the enemy; that in this adventure he ran the riſk of being drowned; that to ſave himſelf he laid hold on a fallen tree, which ſerved to keep him a float; that he was ſtill carried down the ſtream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expreſſed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the ſea [*Neptune*] he found means by his prudence [*Pallas*] to ſave himſelf from his danger.

If the reader ſtill ſhould think the fiction of rivers ſpeaking and fighting is too bold, the objection will vaniſh by conſidering how much the heathen mythology authorizes the repreſentation of rivers as perſons: Nay, even in old hiſtorians, nothing is more common than ſtories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the ſame nature ſo well known, as the engagement between *Hercules* and the river *Achelous*.

V. 454. Jove, *as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,*
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.]

I was at a loſs for the reaſon why *Jupiter* is ſaid to ſmile at the diſcord of the Gods, till I found it in *Euſtathius*; *Jupiter*, ſays he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleaſed with the war of the Gods, that is of earth, ſea, and air, &c. becauſe the harmony of all beings ariſes from that diſcord; Thus

earth

The Pow'r of battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War.
What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſunite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God;
Thy impious hand *Tydides'* jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.
He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears *Jove's* thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine *Ægis* of her Sire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighbouring land,

There

earth is oppoſite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this oppoſition ariſes that diſcordant concord by which all nature ſubſiſts. Thus heat and cold, moiſt and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that *Jupiter*, who according to the *Greeks* is the ſoul of all, may well be ſaid to ſmile at this contention.

V. 456. *The pow'r of battles*, &c.] The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: Juſtice and Wiſdom demanded that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: The God of war oppoſes this, but is worſted. *Euſtathius* ſays that this holds forth the oppoſition of rage and wiſdom; and no ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to reinforce it, as *Venus* ſuccours *Mars*. The poet ſeems farther to inſinuate, that reaſon, when it reſiſts a temptation vigorouſly, eaſily overcomes it: So it is with the utmoſt facility, that *Pallas* conquers both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him: this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

V. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand*
A ſtone, &c.]

The poet has deſcribed many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing ſtones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he riſes in his images; He is deſcribing a Goddeſs, and

has

There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide ſhe caſt.
Thund'ring he falls; a maſs of monſtrous ſize,
And ſeven broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful Dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And glories thus, the proſtrate God reviles.
Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known
How far *Minerva*'s force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by *Pallas*' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to *Troy*'s perfidious race.
The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.

Jove's

has found a way to make that action excel all human ſtrength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this paſſage in his twelfth book, and applied it to *Turnus*; but I cannot help thinking that the action in a mortal is ſomewhat extravagantly imagined. What principally renders it ſo, is an addition of two lines to this ſimile which he borrows from another part of *Homer*, only with this difference, that whereas *Homer* ſays no two men could raiſe ſuch a ſtone, *Virgil* extends it to twelve.

———*Saxum circumſpicit ingens,*
Saxum, antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *ſaxum ingens*, in the ſecond line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the vaſtneſs of the ſtone:) The other two lines are as follow;

Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

May I be allowed to think too, they are not ſo well introduced in *Virgil*? For it is juſt after *Turnus* is deſcribed as weakened and oppreſſed with fears and ill-omens; it exceeds probability; and *Turnus*, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem.

Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain:
This the bright Empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to War's victorious maid.
Lo, what an aid on *Mars*'s ſide is ſeen!
The *Smiles* and *Loves* unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: Let *Pallas*, if ſhe dares, purſue.
Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled.)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.
And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan* wall!
To *Grecian* Gods ſuch let the *Phrygian* be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as *Venus* is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall *Troy* be mov'd—
Thus ſhe, and *Juno* with a ſmile approv'd.
Mean time, to vie in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.

What

V. 507 *The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.*] The interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciouſly in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a concluſion, the *Trojans* are to be puniſhed for their perjury and violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical juſtice ſums up the evidence againſt them, and repreſents the very founder of *Troy* as an injurious perſon. There have been ſeveral references to this ſtory ſince the beginning of the poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be freſh upon the memory, and ſhew, the *Trojans* deſerve the puniſhment they are going to ſuffer.

Euſtathius gives the reaſon why *Apollo* aſſiſts the *Trojans*, tho' he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: This proceeded from the honours *Apollo* received from the poſterity of *Laomedon*: *Troy* paid him no leſs worſhip than *Cilla*, or

What ſloth has ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the ſound?
Shall ignominious we with ſhame retire!
No deed perform'd to our *Olympian* Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age.
Raſh as thou art to prop the *Trojan* throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud *Laomedon!*

Haſt

or *Tenedos*; and by theſe means won him over to a forgiveneſs: But *Neptune* ſtill was ſlighted, and conſequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The ſame author gives us various opinions why *Neptune* is ſaid to have built the *Trojan* wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages: Some ſay that *Laomedon* ſacrilegiouſly took away the treaſures out of the temples of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that *Neptune* and *Apollo* built the walls: others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: ſo that he might in ſome ſenſe be ſaid to defraud the deities themſelves, by withholding what was dedicated to their temples.

The reaſon why *Apollo* is ſaid to have kept the herds of *Laomedon*, is not ſo clear. *Euſtathius* obſerves that all plagues firſt ſeize upon the four-footed creation, and are ſuppoſed to ariſe from this deity: Thus *Apollo* in the firſt book ſends the plague into the *Grecian* army; the ancients therefore made him to preſide over cattle, that by preſerving them from the plague, mankind might be ſaved from infectious diſeaſes. Others tell us, that this employment is aſcribed to *Apollo*, becauſe he ſignifies the ſun: Now the ſun clothes the paſtures with graſs and herbs; ſo that *Apollo* may be ſaid himſelf to feed the cattle, by ſupplying them with food. Upon either of theſe accounts *Laomedon* may be ſaid to be ungrateful to that deity, for raiſing no temple to his honour.

It is obſervable that *Homer*, in this hiſtory, aſcribes the building of the wall to *Neptune* only: I ſhould conjecture the reaſon might be, that *Troy* being a ſea-port town, the chief ſtrength of it depended upon its ſituation, ſo that the ſea was in a manner a wall to it: Upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be ſaid to have built the wall.

Haſt thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We ſhar'd the length'ned labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were *Jove*'s commands)
And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed thy bellowing droves
Along fair *Ida*'s vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd King.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud *Ilion* grace,
And not, like us, infeſt the faithleſs race?
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their *Troy*?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now wither on the ground:

To

V. 537. *For what is man?* &c.] The poet is very happy in interſperſing his poem with moral ſentences; in this place he ſteals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (ſays *Apollo*) "contend with thee for the ſake of man? man, who is no more "than a leaf of a tree, now green and flouriſhing, but ſoon "withered away and gone?" The ſon of *Sirach* has an expreſſion which very much reſembles this, *Ecclus.* xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, ſome fall and ſome grow, ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

To their own hands commit the frantick ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the Senior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;
Him, thus retreating, *Artemis* upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the *Sylvan* ſhades.
And is it thus the youthful *Phœbus* flies,
And yield's to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more in yon' celeſtial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great Earth-ſhaking Pow'r.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo *Saturnia* bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What inſolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of heav'n?
What tho' by *Jove* the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What

V. 544. *And from the Senior Pow'rs ſubmiſs retires.*] Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apollo* fight. Firſt, becauſe having already deſcribed the fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing farther to ſay here, for it is the ſame conflict between humidity and dryneſs. Secondly, *Apollo* being the ſame with deſtiny, and the ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. *Dacier.*

V. 557. *The female plague——*
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind, &c.]
The words in the original are, *Tho'* Jupiter *has made you alien to woman.* The meaning of this is, that *Diana* was terrible to that ſex, as being the ſame with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child birth: or elſe that the ancients attributed all ſudden deaths of women to the darts of *Diana*, as of men to thoſe of *Apollo*: Which opinion is frequently alluded to in *Homer.* *Euſtathius.*

What tho' tremendous in the woodland chace,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs on the pow'rs divine
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;
Theſe in her left-hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now, here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcatt'ring arrows, rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce reſtrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,

(Nor

V. 566. *She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts*, &c.] I muſt confeſs I am at a loſs how to juſtify *Homer* in every point of theſe combats with the Gods: When *Diana* and *Juno* are to fight, *Juno* calls her an *impudent bitch*, κυὸν ἀδδείς: When they fight, ſhe boxes her ſoundly. and ſends her crying and trembling to heaven: As ſoon as ſhe comes thither, *Jupiter* fails a laughing at her: Indeed the reſt of the deities ſeem to be in a merry vein during all the action: *Pallas* beats *Mars*, and laughs at him, *Jupiter* ſees them in the ſame merry mood: *Juno* when ſhe had cuffed *Diana* is not more ſerious: In ſhort, unleſs there be ſome depths which I am not able to fathom, *Homer* never better deſerved than in this place the cenſure paſt upon him by the ancients, that as he rais'd the characters of his men up to the Gods, ſo he ſunk thoſe of Gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reaſonable to conclude, from the very abſurdity of all this, (ſuppoſing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there muſt certainly be ſome. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obſcure for us to find out: The remoteneſs of our times muſt neceſſarily darken yet more and more ſuch things as were myſteries at firſt. Not that it is at all impoſſible, notwithſtanding their preſent darkneſs, but it might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, Allegories ought to be diſguiſed but not obſcured: An allegory ſhould be like a veil over a beautiful face, ſo fine and tranſparent, as to ſhew the very charms it covers.

(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
To her *Latona* haſtes with tender care;
Whom *Hermes* viewing, thus declines the war.
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go, matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: *Latona* ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That, glitt'ring on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of *Diana*'s war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to her bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the ſov'reign God;
Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: Th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The ſire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: While ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters *Ilion*'s ſacred town:
The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the *Greeks*, tho' fate forbad her fall.
Back to *Olympus*, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial ſire.

Thro'

V. 580. *Whom* Hermes *viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impoſſible that *Mercury* ſhould encounter *Latona*. Such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and ſhe repreſenting the night, for the planets owe all their luſtre to the ſhades of the night, and then only become viſible to the world. *Euſtathius.*

Thro' blood, thro' death, *Achilles* ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky.
So rag'd *Achilles*: Death, and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terror, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary *Priam* ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views,

V. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,*
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.]

This paſſage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. Firſt, by taking this fire for a real fire, ſent from heaven to puniſh a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a notion of this great truth, that God ſometimes exerts his judgements on whole cities in this ſignal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other ſenſe, ſimply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who aſſault it, (and only expreſſed thus by the author in the ſame manner as *Jeremy* makes the city of *Jeruſalem* ſay, when the *Chaldeans* burnt the temple. *The Lord from above hath ſent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13) yet ſtill thus much will appear underſtood by *Homer*, that the fire which is caſt into a city comes not, properly ſpeaking, from men, but from God who delivers it up to their fury. *Dacier.*

V. 613. *High on a turret hoary* Priam, &c.] The poet ſtill raiſes the idea of the courage and ſtrength of his hero, by making *Priam* in a terror that he ſhould enter the town after the routed troops: For if he had not ſurpaſſed all mortals, what could have been more deſirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then deſtroyed him?

Here again there was need of another *machine* to hinder him from entering the city; for *Achilles* being vaſtly ſpeedier than thoſe he purſued, he muſt neceſſarily overtake ſome of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops without his mingling with the hindermoſt. The ſtory of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contrived, and *Apollo*, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees ſhould be punctually executed) interpoſes both to ſave *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have killed *Agenor*, and ſtill entered with the troops, if *Apollo* had not

Views, from his arm, the *Trojans'* ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight.
No ſtop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls:
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls.
You, to whoſe care our city gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and Deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: Wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Strook ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the *Trojans* croud to gain the gate,
And gladſome ſee their laſt eſcape from fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain;
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the *Greeks* eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And *Troy* inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.

* *Apollo.* To

not diverted him by the purſuit of that phantom. *Agenor* oppoſed himſelf to *Achilles* only becauſe he could do no better; for he ſees himſelf reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriouſly to periſh among the fugitives, or hide himſelf in the foreſt; both which were equally unſafe: Therefore he is purpoſely inſpired with a generous reſolution to try to ſave his countrymen, and as the reward of that ſervice, is at laſt ſaved himſelf.

To young *Agenor* force divine he gave,
(*Antenor*'s offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the gen'rous youth *Achilles* ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe:
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.
What, ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon' line of ſlaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the *Trojan* wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To *Ida*'s foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my *Trojan* friends.
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce *Achilles* ſees me, and I fall,
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er

V. 651. *What, ſhall I fly?* &c.] This is a very beautiful ſoliloquy of *Agenor*, ſuch a one would naturally ariſe in the ſoul of a brave man, going upon a deſperate enterprize: He weighs every thing in the balance of reaſon: he ſets before himſelf the baſeneſs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at laſt the thirſt of glory preponderates all other conſiderations. From the concluſion of this ſpeech it is evident, that the ſtory of *Achilles* his being invulnerable, except in the heel, is an invention of late ages; for, had he been ſo, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. *Euſtathius*.

Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure, He too is mortal; He may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And *Jove*'s ſole favour gives him all this fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood, collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from the deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds,
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd *Antenor*'s valiant heir
Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: High held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus beſpoke the foe.
How proud *Achilles* glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the *Trojan* name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong and many are the ſons of *Troy*.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou muſt ſtain with gore
Theſe *Phrygian* fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: With matchleſs force the jav'lin flung
Smote on his knee, the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' ætherial arms.

Then

Then fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow;
But jealous of his fame, *Apollo* ſhrouds
The god-like *Trojan* in a veil of clouds:
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes *Agenor*'s habit, voice, and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe,
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthened ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift *Scamander* glides.
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all their flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of *Troy*.
No ſtop, no ſtay, no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mixt affright:

Pale

V. 709. *Mean while the God, to cover their eſcape*, &c.] The Poet makes a double uſe of this fiction of *Apollo*'s deceiving *Achilles* in the ſhape of *Agenor*; by theſe means he draws him from the purſuit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the city, and at the ſame time brings *Agenor* handſomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that deſtiny would not yet ſuffer *Troy* to fall.

Euſtathius fancies that the occaſion of the fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himſelf from the purſuer behind ſome covert that grew on the ſhores; this perhaps might be the whole of the ſtory. So plain a narration would have paſſed in the mouth of an hiſtorian, but the Poet dreſſes it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or Deſtiny) conceal'd him in a cloud from the ſight of his enemy.

Pale *Troy* againſt *Achilles* ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

The ſame author farther obſerves, that *Achilles* by an unſeaſonable piece of vain glory, in purſuing a ſingle enemy, gives time to a whole army to eſcape: he neither kills *Agenor*, nor overtakes the *Trojans*.

THE

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Death of HECTOR.

THE Trojans *being ſafe within the walls*, Hector *only ſtays to oppoſe* Achilles. Priam *is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town.* Hecuba *joins her entreaties, but in vain.* Hector *conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but at the advance of* Achilles, *his reſolution fails him, and he flies;* Achilles *purſues him thrice round the walls of* Troy. *The Gods debate concerning the fate of* Hector, *at length* Minerva *deſcends to the aid of* Achilles. *She deludes* Hector *in the ſhape of* Deïphobus; *he ſtands the combat and is ſlain.* Achilles *drags the dead body at his chariot, in the ſight of* Priam *and* Hecuba. *Their lamentations, tears, and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of* Andromache, *who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.*

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene *lies under the walls, and on the battlements of* Troy.

THE

*TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panick fear,
The herded *Ilians* ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the *Greeks* embodied pow'rs,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of *Trojan* tow'rs.
Great *Hector* ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the *Scæan* gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended *Troy*.

* It is impoſſible but the whole attention of the reader muſt be awakened in this book: The heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battles have been but ſo many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event; wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the ſword of *Achilles* and *Hector*.

This is the book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears to me the moſt charming. It aſſembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not ſenſible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taſte, or the tranſlator of all ſkill, in poetry.

Apollo now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;
(The pow'r confeſt in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has *Peleus'* ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that *Troy* forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantick rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in *Ilion* elſe had refuge found?
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Pow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.
Then to the city, terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he tower'd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of *Priam* firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight,
Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
Orion's

V. 37. *Not half ſo dreadful riſes*, &c.] With how much dreadful pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the deſolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one ſimile!

But

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd *Achilles*' force to dare,
Full at the *Scæan* gate expects the war;
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt, braveſt ſon!

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their ſon: That is ſucceeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obſtinately bent on death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the ſimile of the ſnake roll'd up in his den, and collecting his poiſons: And, indeed, thro' the whole book, this wonderful contraſt and oppoſition of the *Moving* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I cannot find words to expreſs how ſo great beauties affect me.

V. 51. *The ſpeech of* Priam *to* Hector.] The Poet has entertained us all along with various ſcenes of ſlaughter and horror: He now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender ſorrows. *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Priam* preludes to his words by actions expreſſive of miſery: The unhappy orator introduces his ſpeech to *Hector* with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preſerve his life and his country. He repreſents his own age, and the loſs of many of his children; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he ſhould then be inconſolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: The Poet does not openly

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable *Achilles!* might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my *Polydore*,
And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
(Conſign'd his daughter with *Lelegia*'s throne:)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I? Unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun *Achilles!* enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!

Save

openly tell us that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to underſtand in this ſpeech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his ſons and daughters, were either killed or made ſlaves.

V. 76. *Enter yet the wall*; *And ſpare*, &c.] The argument that *Priam* uſes (ſays *Euſtathius*) to induce *Hector* to ſecure himſelf in *Troy* is remarkable: He draws it not from *Hector*'s fears, nor does he tell him that he is to ſave his own life: but he inſiſts upon ſtronger motives: He tells him he may

Save thy dear life; or if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great *Jove* has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain;
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate;
(Dire pomp of ſov'reign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank ye, Gods! 'twas well:
Well have they periſh'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honeſt on the breaſt.

may preſerve his fellow-citizens, his country and his father; and farther, perſuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

V. 90. *My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor.*] Cruelties which the *Barbarians* uſually exerciſed in the ſacking of towns. Thus *Iſaiah* foretells to *Babylon* that her children ſhall be daſhed to pieces before her eyes by the *Medes*. *Infantes eorum allidentur in occulis eorum*, xiii. 16. And *David* ſays to the ſame city, *Happy ſhall he be that taketh and daſheth thy little ones againſt the ſtones*. Pſal. cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet *Hoſea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants ſhall be daſhed in pieces*. Dacier.

But when the fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid, and acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away,
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not *Hector*'s heart:
The zone embrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!

If

V. 102. *But when the fates*, &c.] Nothing can be more moving than the image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the duſt. The old man it is certain touches us moſt, and ſeveral reaſons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himſelf, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakneſs, prayers and tears. They muſt be very inſenſible of what is dreadful, and have no taſte in poetry, who omit this paſſage in a tranſlation, and ſubſtitute things of a trivial and inſipid nature. *Dacier.*

V. 114. *The ſpeech of* Hecuba.] The ſpeech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderneſs as that of *Priam:* The circumſtance in particular of her ſhewing that breaſt to her ſon which had ſuſtained his infancy, is highly moving: It is a ſilent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to liſten, by prepoſſeſſing the eye in favour of the ſpeaker.

Euſtathius takes notice of the difference between the ſpeeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba: Priam* diſſuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loſs of his own family, but of his whole country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his ſingle death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; but to deſcribe the fondneſs of the mother as prevailing over all other conſiderations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her:

This

If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah! do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recal;
Shall

This puts me in mind of a judicious ſtroke in *Milton*, with regard to the ſeveral characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the angel is driving them both out of paradiſe, *Adam* grieves that he muſt leave a place where he had converſed with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that ſhe ſhall never more behold the fine flowers of *Eden*: Here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman.

V. 138. *The Soliloquy of* Hector.] There is much greatneſs in the ſentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death

Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by *Hector*'s flight?
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.

Methinks

death to an ignominious life: He knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with diſhonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the ſcandals of the meaneſt people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not ſay, he fears the inſults of the braver *Trojans*, but of the moſt worthleſs only. Men of merit are always the moſt candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themſelves. They cannot bear that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the leaſt miſcarriage. This ſentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and ſenſible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this ſpeech. *Hector*'s mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breaſt, and conſulting what method to purſue: He doubts if he ſhould not propoſe terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grant him very large conceſſions; but of a ſudden he checks himſelf, and leaves the ſentence unfiniſhed. The paragraph runs thus; "If, ſays *Hector*, I ſhould offer him the largeſt con-"ditions, give all that *Troy* contains"——There he ſtops, and immediately ſubjoins, "But why do I delude myſelf, &c"

It is evident from this ſpeech that the power of making peace was in *Hector*'s hands: For unleſs *Priam* had transferred it to him, he could not have made theſe propoſitions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book; (where the very ſame conditions were propoſed by *Agamemnon*.) 'Tis *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was neceſſary; he obſerves a poetical juſtice, and ſhews us that *Hector* is a criminal before he brings him to death. *Euſtathius.*

V. 140. *Shall proud* Polydamas, *&c.*] *Hector* alludes to the counſel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: It was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themſelves there, before *Achilles* returned to the battle.

Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No—If I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-ſhield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife with-held, the treaſure ill detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half *Ilion*'s yet remaining ſtore,
Which *Troy* ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

No

V. 167. *We greet not here, as man converſing man,*
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, &c.]
The words literally are theſe, "*There is no talking with* Achilles, ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, *from an oak, or from a rock*, [or about an oak or a rock] *as a young man and a maiden talk together.* It is thought an obſcure paſſage, though I confeſs I am either too fond of my own explication in the above-cited verſes, or they make it a very clear one. "There is no "converſing with this implacable enemy in the rage of battle; "as when ſauntring people talk at leiſure to one another on "a road, or when young men and women meet in a field." I think the expoſition of *Euſtathius* more far fetched, though it

No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our buſineſs, but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that, determine heaven!

Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh:
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The *Pelian* jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendors ſhone
Like *Jove*'s own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As *Hector* ſees, unuſual terrors riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.

He

it be ingenious; and therefore I muſt do him the juſtice not to ſuppreſs it. It was a common practice, ſays he, with the heathens, to expoſe ſuch children as they either could not, or would not educate: The places where they depoſited them, were uſually in the cavities, of *rocks*, or the hollow of *oaks*: Theſe children being frequently found and preſerved by ſtrangers, were ſaid to be the offſpring of thoſe oaks or rocks where they were found. This gave occaſion to the poets to feign that men were born of *oaks*, and there was a famous fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*'s repairing mankind by caſting ſtones behind them: It grew at laſt into a proverb, to ſignify idle tales; ſo that in the preſent paſſage it imports, that Achilles *will not liſten to ſuch idle tales as may paſs with ſilly maids and fond lovers*. For fables and ſtories (and particularly ſuch ſtories as the preſervation, ſtrange fortune, and adventures of expoſed children) are the uſual converſation of young men and maidens. *Euſtathius*'s explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the Odyſſey: where the poet ſays,

Οὐ γαρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἔσσι παλαιφάτου, οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which paſſage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not, according to the old ſtory, deſcended from an oak or a rock.* Where the word παλαιφάτου ſhews that this was become an ancient proverb even in *Homer*'s days.

V. 180. *Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes and flies.*] I doubt not moſt readers are ſhocked at the flight of *Hector*: It is indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (who was the poet's chief hero)

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies,
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)

Juſt

hero) that ſo brave a man as *Hector* durſt not ſtand him. While *Achilles* was at a diſtance he had fortified his heart with noble reſolutions, but at his approach they all vaniſh, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as ſome may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for diſtance, as it leſſens all objects, ſo it does our fears: But where inevitable danger approaches, the ſtouteſt hearts will feel ſome apprehenſions at certain fate. It was the ſaying of one of the braveſt men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I ſhall be as much afraid as any of you.* I don't abſolutely pretend to juſtify this paſſage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this deſperate circumſtance.

Firſt, It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that *Hector* ever thought himſelf a match for *Achilles*. *Homer* (to keep this in our minds) had juſt now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing known, (for certainly *Priam* would not inſult him at that time) there was no compariſon between his own ſtrength, and that of his antagoniſt.

——— ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν.

Secondly, We may obſerve with *Dacier*, the degrees by which *Homer* prepares this incident. In the 18th book the mere ſight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrified and put the whole *Trojan* army into diſorder. In the 19th, the very ſound of the celeſtial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they ſtand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Æneas*, and *Hector* himſelf was not ſaved from him but by *Apollo*'s interpoſing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible ſlaughter of all that oppoſe him, he overtakes moſt of thoſe that fly from him, and *Priam* himſelf opens the gates of *Troy* to receive the reſt.

Thirdly, *Hector* ſtays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but becauſe ſhame and the dread of reproach forbid him to enter the city; a ſhame (ſays *Euſtathius*) which was a fault, that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay *Homer* adds farther, that he only ſtayed by the immediate *will of heaven*, intoxicated and irreſiſtibly bound down by *at*.

Ἕκλετο δ' ἀυτῷ μεῖναι ἐλοὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.

Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aëreal way;

With

Fourthly. He had juſt been reflecting on the injuſtice of the war he maintained; his ſpirits are depreſſed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himſelf abandoned by the Gods; (as he directly ſays in v. 300. &c. of the *Greek* and 385 of the tranſlation) ſo that he might ſay to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Æneas*.

Dii *me terrent*, & Jupiter *hoſtis*.

This indeed is the ſtrongeſt reaſon that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he ſees clad in impenetrable armour, ſeconded by *Minerva*, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themſelves. This is not cowardice, according to the conſtant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himſelf independent on the ſupreme being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault had our author ſuffered the courage of *Hector* entirely to forſake him even in this extremity: A brave man's ſoul is ſtill capable of rouzing itſelf, and acting honourably in the laſt ſtruggles. Accordingly *Hector*, tho' delivered over to his deſtiny, abandoned by the Gods and certain of death, yet ſtops and attacks *Achilles*; when he loſes his ſpear, he draws his ſword: It was impoſſible he ſhould conquer, it was only in his power to fall glorioufly; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the reader, after all, cannot bring himſelf to like this paſſage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to ſuſpend his abſolute cenſure, he may conſider that *Virgil* had an uncommon eſteem for it, as he has teſtified in transferring it almoſt entirely to the death of *Turnus*; where there was no neceſſity of making uſe of the like incidents: But doubtleſs he was touched with this epiſode, as with one of thoſe which intereſt us moſt of the whole Iliad, by a ſpectacle at once ſo terrible, and ſo deplorable. I muſt alſo add the ſuffrage of *Ariſtotle*, who was ſo far from looking upon this paſſage as ridiculous or blameable, that he eſteemed it marvellous and admirable. "The *wonderful*, ſays he, ought to have place in tragedy, but "ſtill more in epic poetry, which proceeds in this point even "to the unreaſonable: For as in epic poems one ſees not the "perſons acting, ſo whatever paſſes the bounds of reaſon is pro-

"per

With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:
No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs) ſmoak along the road.
Next by *Scamander*'s double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground:
This

per to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example, "what *Homer* ſays of *Hector* purſued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the ſtage; for the ſpectators could not forbear laughing to ſee on one ſide the *Greeks* ſtanding without any motion, and on the other *Achilles* purſuing *Hector*, and making ſigns to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear when we read the poem: For what is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who relate any thing, uſually add ſomething to the truth, that it may the better pleaſe thoſe who hear it."

The ſame great critick vindicates this paſſage in the chapter following. "A poet, ſays he, is inexcuſable if he introduces ſuch things as are impoſſible according to the rules of poetry: But this ceaſes to be a fault, if by thoſe means he attains to the end propoſed; for he has then brought about what he intended: For example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more aſtoniſhing or admirable. Such is the place in the Iliad, where *Achilles* purſues *Hector*." *Ariſt.* Poet. chap. 25, 26.

V. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] *Strabo* blames *Homer* for ſaying that one of the ſources of *Scamander* was a warm fountain; whereas (ſays he) there is but one ſpring, and that cold, neither is this in the place where *Homer* fixes it, but in the mountain. It is obſerved by *Euſtathius*, that though this was not true in *Strabo*'s days, yet it might in *Homer*'s, greater changes having happened in leſs time than that which paſſed between thoſe two authors. *Sandys*, who was both a geographer and critick of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witneſs, that there are yet ſome hot-

This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where *Trojan* dames (ere yet alarm'd by *Greece*)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſs'd, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife)
The prize contended was great *Hector*'s life.
As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,)
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.
Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:

To

hot-water ſprings in that part of the country, oppoſite to *Tenedos*. I cannot but think that gentleman muſt have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place ſo celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the moſt learned, but one of the beſt poets of his time: I am glad of this occaſion to do his memory ſo much juſtice as to ſay the *Engliſh* verſification owes much of its improvement to his Tranſlations, and eſpecially that admirable one of *Job*. What chiefly pleaſes me in this place is to ſee the exact landſkip of old *Troy*, we have a clear idea of the town itſelf; and of the roads and country about it, the river, the fig-trees, and every part is ſet before our eyes.

V. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky.*] We have here an inſtance of the great judgment of *Homer*. The death

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.
Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector*'s pain:
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From *Ida*'s ſummits, and the tow'rs of *Troy*:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And fate, and fierce *Achilles*, cloſe behind:
Conſult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern *Pelides* ſlain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
Then *Pallas* thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,
Shall

death of *Hector* being the chief action of the poem; he aſſembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: It is for the ſame reaſon that he repreſents *Jupiter*, with the greateſt ſolemnity weighing in his ſcales the fates of the two heroes: I have before obſerved at large upon the laſt circumſtance in a preceding note, ſo that there is no occaſion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it was a very neceſſary obſervation, and ſhews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greateſt and finiſhing action of the poem of ſuch importance that it engages the Gods in debates.

V. 226. *From* Ida's *ſummit* ---] It was the cuſtom of the *Pagans* to ſacrifice to their Gods upon the hills and mountains, in ſcripture language upon the *high places*, for they were perſuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited ſuch eminences; Wherefore God ordered his people to deſtroy all thoſe high places, which the nations had prophaned by their idolatry. *You ſhall utterly deſtroy all the places wherein the nations which you poſſeſs ſerved their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* *Deut.* xii. 2. 'Tis for this reaſon that ſo many kings are reproached in ſcripture for not *taking away the high places.* *Dacier.*

Shall he prolong one *Trojan*'s forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial *Jove*?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will! I give the Fates their way.
Swift as the mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As thro' the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes:
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,
There ſwift *Achilles* compaſs'd round the field.
Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe.)
So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As

V. 249. *Thus ſtep by ſtep*, &c.] There is difficulty in this paſſage, and it ſeems ſtrange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector* whom he excelled ſo much in ſwiftneſs, eſpecially when the poet deſcribes him as running in a narrower circle than *Hector*. *Euſtathius* gives us many ſolutions from the ancients: *Homer* has already told us that they ran for the life of Hector; and conſequently *Hector would exert* his utmoſt ſpeed, from him; whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: Beſides *Achilles* could not directly purſue him becauſe he frequently made efforts to ſhelter himſelf under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more ſteps than *Hector*. But the poet to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards that *Apollo* gave him a ſupernatural ſwiftneſs.

As men in ſlumbers ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor can this fly, nor that can overtake.
No leſs the lab'ring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted *Hector*'s force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phœbus it was: who in his lateſt hour,
Endu'd his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with pow'r;
And great *Achilles*, leſt ſome *Greeks* advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here

V. 257. *As men in ſlumbers.*] This beautiful compariſon has been condemned by ſome of the ancients, even ſo far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the Iliad: They ſay the diction is mean, and the ſimilitude itſelf abſurd, becauſe it compares the ſwiftneſs of the heroes to men aſleep, who are in a ſtate of reſt and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundleſs criticiſm: The poet is ſo far from drawing his compariſon from the repoſe of men aſleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he deſcribes; and ſurely the imagination is nimble enough to illuſtrate the greateſt degree of ſwiftneſs: Beſides the verſes themſelves run with the utmoſt rapidity, and imitate the ſwiftneſs they deſcribe. *Euſtathius.*

What ſufficiently proves theſe verſes to be genuine, is that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* 12.

Ac veluti in ſomnis.———

V. 269. *Sign'd to the troops*, &c.] The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deſerves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and *Achilles* in turning *Hector* towards

Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with *Hector*'s fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
To ſtern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of *Jove!* this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on *Greece*.
Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls

wards the plain, makes a ſign to his troops not to attack him. This ſhews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears ſo generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to underſtand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: Indeed this is not a ſingle combat of *Achilles* againſt *Hector*, (for in that caſe *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from aſſaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and ſo *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himſelf, the readieſt and the ſureſt way, of an enemy whoſe death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expoſe himſelf to the hazard of loſing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the ſafety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own perſon? I grant it is a fault, but it muſt be owned to be the fault of a hero. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

V. 277. *Then* Phœbus *left him.*----] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of deſcribing a plain circumſtance: The hour of *Hector*'s death was now come, and the poet expreſſes it by ſaying that *Apollo* or *Deſtiny*, forſakes him: That is the fates no longer protect him. *Euſtathius.*

V. *Id.*---- *Fierce* Minerva *flies to ſtern* Pelides, *&c.*] The poet may ſeem to diminiſh the glory of *Achilles*, by aſcribing the victory over *Hector* to the aſſiſtance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of *Achilles*: But poetry loves to raiſe every thing into a wonder; it ſteps out of the common road of narration, and aims to ſurprize; and the poet would farther inſinuate that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: For many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven, *Euſtathius.*

Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove!*
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the *Trojan* on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine, the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd,
While like *Deiphobus* the martial dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſame)
In ſhow an aid, by hapleſs *Hector*'s ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus by voice bely'd.
Too long, O *Hector!* have I borne the ſight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O Prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.

Again

V. 290. *Obey'd; and reſted.*] The whole paſſage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory. *Achilles*, perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite ſpent and wearied in the purſuit; the ſtratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: This the Poet expreſſes by ſaying that *Pallas* or *Wiſdom*, came to aſſiſt *Achilles*. *Hector* obſerving his enemy ſtay to reſt, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at laſt finds himſelf deceived. Thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; ſo that his own *falſe judgment* is the *treacherous* Pallas that deceives him. *Euſtathius.*

Again the Goddeſs. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preſs'd me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us ſtretch *Achilles* on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence *Hector* broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.
Enough, O ſon of *Peleus!* *Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.

But

V. 317. *The ſpeeches of* Hector *and of* Achilles.] There is an oppoſition between theſe ſpeeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes: That of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixed with humanity: That of *Achilles*, of reſentment and arrogance: We ſee the great *Hector* diſpoſing of his own remains, and that thirſt of glory, which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, that what once was *Hector* may not be diſhonoured: Thus we ſee a ſedate calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the ſpeeches of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *fierté*, and an inſolent air of ſuperiority: his magnanimity makes him ſcorn to ſteal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himſelf with all his force: and that valour and reſentment which made him deſirous that he might revenge himſelf upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbid the *Greeks* to interpoſe, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably ſuſtained, and though *Achilles* be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him: and it had been the utmoſt abſurdity to have ſoftened one line upon this occaſion, when the ſoul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*. I muſt deſire the reader to carry this obſervation in his memory, and particularly in that place where *Achilles* ſays he could eat the very fleſh of *Hector*; (though I have a little ſoftened it in the tranſlation,) v. 438.

But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day:
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear: if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
The reſt to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll reſtore;
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each *Grecian* ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But *Hector* ſhunned the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew and gave to great *Achilles'* hand,
Unſeen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.
The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſs'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (preſumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what muſt prove my fortune or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall *Hector* die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls *Deïphobus* demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no *Deïphobus* was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: Then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo——heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd *Deïphobus* had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed.
Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great *Jove* deſerts me and the ſon of *Jove*,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome, fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:

Yet

Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew,
So *Jove*'s bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare.
Nor leſs *Achilles* his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſehair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (*Vulcanian* frame)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant *Heſper* ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great *Achilles*' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: Thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well directed dart:

V. 391. *So* Jove's *bold bird*, &c.] The poet takes up ſome time in deſcribing the two great heroes before they cloſe in fight: The verſes are pompous and magnificent, and he illuſtrates his deſcription with two beautiful ſimiles: He makes a double uſe of this conduct, which not only raiſes our imagination to attend to ſo momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

V. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove*, &c.] It was neceſſary, that the poet ſhould be very particular in this point, becauſe the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*,

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern *Achilles* cries:
At laſt is *Hector* ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* ſlain:
Then, Prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was *Achilles* ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd.
Peaceful He ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſooth a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And *Hector*'s aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.

Could

Achilles, taken from *Patroclus*; and conſequently as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preſerve *Hector* from the poſſibility of a wound: The poet therefore, to give an air of probability to this ſtory, tells us that they were *Patroclus* his arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: So that it is not improbable but there might be ſome place about the neck of *Hector* ſo open as to admit the ſpear of *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should *Troy* to bribe me bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their *Hector* on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;

V. 437. *Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is ſomething very fierce and violent in this paſſage; but I fancy that what I there obſerved will juſtify *Homer* in his relation, though not *Achilles* in his ſavage ſentiments: Yet the poet ſoftens the expreſſion by making *Achilles* only wiſh that his *heart would permit him* to devour him: This is much more tolerable than a paſſage in the *Thebais* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very pangs of death is repreſented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

V. 439. *Should* Troy, *to bribe me*, &c.] Such reſolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells *Hector* that no motives ſhall ever prevail with him to ſuffer his body to be ranſomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had ſomewhat ſatisfied his revenge by inſulting his remains, he reſtores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at firſt he gives a rough denial, and afterwards ſoftens into an eaſier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles*; his anger abates very ſlowly; it is ſtubborn, yet ſtill it remits: Had the poet drawn him as never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not repreſented his hero as a man but as a monſter. *Euſtathius*.

V. 449. *A day will come*—] *Hector prophecies* at his death that *Achilles* ſhall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an obſervation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether ſuch con-

Phœbus and *Paris* ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here before the *Scæan* gate.
He ceas'd. The fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
Die thou the firſt! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize;
While ſome ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.
"How chang'd that *Hector!* who like *Jove* of late.
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
High

conjectures are true or falſe, it appears from hence, that ſuch opinions have prevailed in the world above three thouſand years.

V. 467. *The great dead deface with wounds*, &c.] *Euſtathius* tells us that *Homer* introduces the ſoldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exerciſes upon it. For if every common ſoldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what inſults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed *Achilles*? But I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to vindicate the poet in giving us ſuch an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy ſhould have been ſo far from moving them to revenge, that it ſhould have recommended him to their eſteem: What *Achilles* afterwards acts is ſuitable to his character, and conſequently the poet is juſtified; but ſurely all the *Greeks* are not of his temper? *Patroclus* was not ſo dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. It is true the poet repreſents *Achilles*, (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) enumerating the many ills they had ſuffered

High o'er the ſlain the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends,
Princes and leaders! Countrymen and Friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haſte, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great *Hector* ſlain?
But what is *Troy*, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine *Patroclus!* Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!

fered from *Hector*; and ſeems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his reſentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been actuated by a generous indignation againſt him: But theſe men ſeem as if they only dared approach him dead. In ſhort, what they ſay over his body is a mean inſult, and the ſtabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

V. 474. *The ſpeeches of* Achilles] We have a very fine obſervation of *Euſtathius* on this place, that the judgment and addreſs of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of remark: He knew and had often ſaid that the Gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy:* There was then no reaſon to make him march againſt the town after the death of *Hector*, ſince all his efforts muſt have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reaſonable that the firſt thought of *Achilles* ſhould be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himſelf of the general conſternation into which the death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We here ſee, he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a ſudden he changes his deſign and derives a plauſible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the laſt devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, makes this very natural. At the ſame time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives, that *Achilles* is ſtill a man; and capable of ſofter paſſions.

Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Mean while, ye ſons of *Greece*, in triumph bring
The corpſe of *Hector*, and your *Pæan* ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead)

The

V. 494. Hector *is dead, and* Ilion *is no more.*] I have followed the opinion of *Euſtathius*, who thought that what *Achilles* ſays here was the *chorus* or burthen of a *ſong* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. *Dacier* obſerves this is very correſpondent to the manners of thoſe times; and inſtances in that paſſage of the book of *Kings*, when *David* returns from the conqueſt of *Goliah:* The women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Iſrael*, and ſing a triumphal ſong, the *chorus* whereof is, Saul *has killed his thouſands, and* David *his ten thouſands.*

V. 496. *Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been ſeverely (and I think indeed not without ſome juſtice) cenſured by ſeveral, both ancients and moderns. *Plato*, in his third book *de Republica*, ſpeaks of it with deteſtation: But methinks it is a great injuſtice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the morals of the author himſelf, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It may juſtly be obſerved in general of all *Plato*'s objections againſt *Homer*, that they are ſtill in a view to morality, conſtantly blaming him for repreſenting ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his perſons. To every one of theſe, one general anſwer will ſerve, which is, that *Homer* as often deſcribes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good to induce us to follow them (which is the caſe with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently ſhews the injuſtice of *Plato*'s cenſure is, that many of thoſe very actions for which he blames him are expreſsly characteri-

zed

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along.

The

zed and marked by *Homer* himſelf as evil and deteſtable, by previous expreſſions or cautions. Thus in the preſent place, before he deſcribes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a moſt unworthy action.

——Καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδεσθαι ἔρξαι.

When *Achilles* ſacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in l. 23. he repeats the ſame words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, unjuſt deed;

——τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθεν.

And ſo of the reſt.

V. 506. *The face divine, and long-deſcending hair.*] It is impoſſible to read the actions of great men without having our curioſity raiſed to know the leaſt circumſtance that relates to them. *Homer* to ſatisfy it, has taken care in the proceſs of his poem to give us the ſhape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles*'s locks were yellow, and here the epithet Κυανέαι ſhews us that thoſe of *Hector* were of a darker: As to his perſon, he told us a little above that it was ſo handſome, that all the *Greeks* were ſurprized to ſee it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable ſtory of the beauty of *Hector*: It was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that a handſome youth, who very much reſembled *Hector*, was arrived there; immediately the whole city ran in ſuch numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. *Euſtathius.*

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe.
No less than if the rage of hostile fires
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send *Ilion* to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* gate,
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one,
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?

Thee

Thee *Hector!* laſt: Thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſs'd in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of *Ilion* ſtream'd around.
Amidſt her matrons *Hecuba* appears,
(A mourning Princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O *Hector!* late thy parent's pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of *Troy!*
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd,
Her Chief, her Hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe: inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread,
To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead;

As

V. 543. *Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.*] It is in the *Greek*,

Ὀυ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ καλύψεται ἄϊδος ἔισω.

It is needleſs to obſerve to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his ſon *Hector*: It is impoſſible not to join with *Priam* in his ſorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almoſt word for word the ſame with that of the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon a like occaſion breaks out into the ſame complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his ſon *Benjamin*, they will *bring down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.*

V. 563, &c.] The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praiſes that can be given

As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the *Scæan* gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her Lord's return:
In vain: alas her Lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart.
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it) threats the *Trojan* ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my *Hector*'s dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts *Achilles*; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls, I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:

Perhaps

given it; but I muſt take notice of one particular which ſhews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encreaſe her affliction by *ſurprize*: It is finely prepared by the circumſtances of her being retired to her innermoſt apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her huſband (as may be conjectured from what ſhe ſays afterward, v. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: All which (as the criticks have obſerved) augment the ſurprize, and render this reverſe of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

Perhaps that noble heat, has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,

The

V. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that in ſpeaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the ornaments of dreſs in *Andromache*, becauſe ſhe was a beautiful young princeſs: but is very conciſe about that of *Hecuba*, becauſe ſhe was old, and wore a dreſs rather ſuitable to her age and gravity, than to her ſtate, birth, and condition. I cannot paſs over a matter of ſuch importance as a Lady's dreſs, without endeavouring to explain what ſort of heads were worn above three thouſand years ago.

It is difficult to deſcribe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I ſhall lay before my female readers the Biſhop's explanation. The Ἄμπυξ was uſed, τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδεῖν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the head: The Κεκρύφαλος was a veil of network that covered the hair when it was ſo tied: Ἀναδέσμη was an ornament uſed κύκλῳ περὶ τὰς κροτάφους ἀναδεῖν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expreſſion of χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and compleated the dreſs.

The Ladies cannot but be pleaſed to ſee ſo much learning and *Greek* upon this important ſubject.

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that diſtinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: What *Andromache* here ſays, cannot be ſpoken properly by any but *Andromache*: There is nothing general in her ſorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: The mother laments the ſon, and the wife weeps over the huſband.

The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day)
Around, a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On *Priam*'s roof, and *Hippoplacia*'s ſhade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the ſame!
Why was my birth to great *Aëtion* ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
No more to ſmile upon his Sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:

Hec

V. 628. *The day, that to the ſhades*, &c.] The following verſes which ſo finely deſcribe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by ſome ancient criticks: It is a proof there were always criticks of no manner of taſte; it being impoſſible any where to meet with a more exquiſite paſſage. I will venture to ſay, there are not in all *Homer* any lines more worthy

He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee;
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone, thy father feaſts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul *Aſtyanax* appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,

And

thy of him: The beauty of this tender and compaſſionate image is ſuch, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the Iliad is too much ſtained. Theſe cenſurers imagined this deſcription to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of *Aſtyanax*; but had they conſidered (ſays *Euſtathius*) that theſe are the words of a fond mother who feared every thing for her ſon, that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, becauſe there is a poſſibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her ſorrows, in the inſtant ſhe is ſpeaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinion.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation of our misfortunes when they ſink us in a moment from the higheſt flow of proſperity to the loweſt adverſity: The Poet judiciouſly makes uſe of this circumſtance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmoſt tenderneſs, lamenting this reverſe of fortune in her ſon; changed all at once into a ſlave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples of our own times of ſuch unhappy Princes, whoſe condition renders this of *Aſtyanax* but too probable?

V. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the *Greek*, "Who upon "his

And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom *Ilion* calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.
But thou, my *Hector*, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents and thy conſort's care,
Whoſe hands in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!

So ſpake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

" his father's knees uſed to eat marrow and the fat of ſheep." This would ſeem groſs if it were literally tranſlated, but it is a figurative expreſſion; in the ſtyle of the orientals, marrow and fatneſs are taken for whatever is beſt, tendereſt, and moſt delicious. Thus in *Job.* xxi. 24. *Viſcera ejus plena ſunt adipe, & medullis oſſa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem menſæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In *Jer.* xxxi. 14. God ſays, that he will ſatiate the ſoul of the prieſts with fatneſs. *Inebriabo animam ſacerdotum pinguedine. Dacier.*

V. 657. *The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove*] This idea very naturally offers itſelf to a woman, who repreſents to herſelf the body of her huſband daſhed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known that it was anciently the cuſtom amongſt princeſſes and great ladies to have large quantities of ſtuffs and moveables. This proviſion was more neceſſary in thoſe times than now, becauſe of the great conſumption made of them on thoſe occaſions of mourning. *Dacier.*

I am of opinion that *Homer* had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of *Hector*. Every word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* ſpeak, ſhews us the importance of *Hector*: Every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the ſame time repreſents the ſad effects of the anger of *Achilles*, which is the ſubject of it.

T. H. E.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES *and the* Myrmidons *do honours to the body of* Patroclus. *After the funeral feaſt he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead.* Achilles *ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly, twelve* Trojan *captives at the pile, then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of* Iris) *riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb.* Achilles *inſtitutes the funeral games: The chariot-race, the fight of the* Cæſtus, *the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the* Diſcus, *the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: The various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.*

In this book ends the thirtieth day: The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus *appears to* Achilles: *The one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The* ſcene *is generally on the ſea-ſhore.*

THE

THE

*TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad *Helleſpont*'s reſounding ſhore:

The

* This, and the following book, which contain the deſcription of the funeral of *Patroclus* and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly ſuperadded to the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; for the ſtory is compleatly finiſhed with the death of that hero in the twenty ſecond book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* cloſes the whole ſcene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the reſt to be imagined by the mind of the reader: He does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be ſaid in favour of *Homer*, which may perhaps juſtify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of* Achilles: And as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but perſecutes his very remains, ſo the poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject; nay, it ſeems to require that he ſhould carry down the relation of that reſentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully ſatisfied: And as this ſurvives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of ſtill ſhewing many ſad effects of *Achilles*'s Anger,

The *Grecians* ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial *Myrmidonian* band:
Theſe yet aſſembled great *Achilles* holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoaking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform the honours to *Patroclus* dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(*Achilles* firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.

For

Anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excreſcences, but eſſential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcuſable had he trod in *Homer*'s foot-ſteps; for it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Æneas* a full power over *Italy*, anſwers the whole deſign and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overſhot his mark: And tho' *Homer* proceeds after *Hector*'s death, yet the ſubject is ſtill the *Anger of* Achilles.

We are now paſt the war and violence of the *Ilias*, the ſcenes of blood are cloſed during the reſt of the poem; we may look back with a pleaſing kind of horror upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and ſee what dire effects it has wrought in the compaſs of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and men, have ſuffered in the conflict. The reader ſeems landed upon the ſhore after a violent ſtorm; and has leiſure to ſurvey the conſequences of the tempeſt, and the wreck occaſioned by the former commotions. *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our paſſions have been in an agitation ſince the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like ſome great maſter in muſic, ſoftens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderneſs and pity.

V. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew*——

—— Thetis *aids their woe*—]

It is not eaſy to give a reaſon why *Thetis* ſhould be ſaid to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had ſeemed

For ſuch a warrior *Thetis* aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow,
But chief, *Pelides*; thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid,
On his dear friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.

All

ſeemed more natural for the mother to have compoſed the ſorrows of the ſon, and reſtored his troubled mind to tranquility.

But ſuch a procedure would have outraged the character of *Achilles*, who is all along deſcribed to be of ſuch a violence of temper, that he is not eaſy to be pacified at any time, much leſs upon ſo great an incident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made uſe of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every paſſion of his hero conſiderable, his ſorrows as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddeſs attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancied that *Homer* animates the very ſands of the ſeas, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes them ſenſible of the loſs of *Patroclus*; the preceding words ſeem to ſtrengthen that opinion, becauſe the poet introduces a Goddeſs to raiſe the ſorrow of the army. But *Euſtathius* ſeems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciouſly; for what relation is there between the ſands of the ſhores, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*? It would have been more poetical to have ſaid, the ſands and the rocks, than the ſands and the arms; but it is very natural to ſay, that the ſoldiers wept ſo bitterly, that their armour and the very ſands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very juſt by reading the verſe, with a comma after τευχεα thus,

Δευονλο ψάμαθοι, δευονλο δὲ τεύχεα, φωλῶν
Δάκρυσι.

Then the conſtruction will be natural and eaſy, period will anſwer period in the *Greek*, and the ſenſe in *Engliſh* will be, the ſands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of the verſe in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the Poet has not only made the ſands and the arms, but even his very verſe, to lament with *Achilles*.

V. 23. *His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid*
On his dead friend's cold breaſt—]

I could

All hail, *Patroclus!* let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto*'s dreary coaſt;
Behold, *Achilles*' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody *Hector* ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims of the *Trojan* line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant ſhall expire,
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, (and horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,
Prone on the duſt. The *Mrymidons* around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to *Achilles*' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire;
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries,
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of *Argive* Monarchs brings
The glorious Victor to the King of Kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warrior went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.

Th'

I could not paſs by this paſſage without obſerving to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνης. An ordinary poet would have contented himſelf with ſaying, he laid his hand upon the breaſt of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raiſe the moſt trivial circumſtance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a ſingle epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble atchievements of *Achilles* thro' the Iliad.

V. 25. *All hail*, Patroclus, &c.] There is in this apoſtrophe of *Achilles* to the ghoſt of *Patroclus*, a ſort of ſavageneſs, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. *Dacier*.

Th' attending herald, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.
No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty *Jove!*
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair,
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſooth my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O King of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That *Greece* the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall: (Such rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great *Pelides*, ſtretch'd along the ſhore
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly ſtand:
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the *Trojan* wall;

Huſh'd

V. 51. *To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands——*
—The chief refus'd—]

This is conformable to the cuſtom of the orientals: *Achilles* will not be induced to watch, and afterwards retires to the ſea-ſhore, and ſleeps on the ground. It is juſt thus that *David* mourns in the ſcriptures; he refuſes to waſh, or to take any repaſt, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When lo! the ſhade before his cloſing eyes
Of ſad *Patroclus* roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came,
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps *Achilles* thus (the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air:
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.

Now

V. 78. *The ghoſt of* Patroclus.] *Homer* has introduced into the former parts of the poem the perſonages of Gods and Goddeſſes from heaven, and of Furies from hell: He has embelliſhed it with ornaments from earth, ſea, and air; and he here opens a new ſcene, and brings to the view a ghoſt, the ſhade of the departed friend: By theſe methods he diverſifies his poem with new and ſurprizing circumſtances, and awakens the attention of the reader: at the ſame time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumſtances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the ſtate of ſeparate ſouls.

V. 92. *Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy, till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they ſuppoſed thoſe that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were waſted over the infernal river; *Virgil* perhaps had this paſſage of *Homer* in his view in the ſixth *Æneis*, at leaſt he coincides with his ſentiments concerning the ſtate of departed ſouls.

Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba eſt:
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta

Tranſ-

Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet *Achilles* and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we love make known,
Or quit the deareſt to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate far-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall
Ev'n great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together

Tranſportare prius, quàm ſedibus oſſa quierunt;
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum;
Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt.

It was during this interval, between death and the rites of funeral, that they ſuppoſed the only time allowed for ſpirits to appear to men; therefore *Patroclus* here tells his friend,

—*To the farther ſhore*
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.]

For the fuller underſtanding of *Homer*, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his notion of the ſoul after death: He followed the philoſophy of the *Ægyptians*, who ſuppoſed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call φρὴν, or ψυχὴ, the vehicle, εἴδωλον, *image*, or *ſoul*, and the groſs body σῶμα. The ſoul, in which the mind was lodged, was ſuppoſed exactly to reſemble the body in ſhape, magnitude and features; for this being in the body as the ſtatue in its mould, ſo ſoon as it goeth forth is properly the image of that body in which it was encloſed: This it was that appeared to *Achilles*, with the full reſemblance of his friend *Patroclus*. *Vid. Dacier*'s life of *Pythagoras*, p. 71.

V. 104. *Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine.*] Thre is ſomething very pathetical in this whole ſpeech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly tenderneſs; he recounts to him the inſeparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his laſt requeſt, that they may not be parted even

Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed?
That golden urn thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts, without the body's aid,
Aëreal ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

This

in death, but that their bones may reſt in the ſame urn. The ſpeech itſelf is of a due length; it ought to be very ſhort, becauſe this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and conſequently the reader would not have been ſatisfied with a curſory mention of it; neither ought it to be very long, becauſe this would have been contrary to the nature of ſuch apparitions, whoſe ſtay upon earth has ever been deſcribed as very ſhort, and conſequently they cannot be ſuppoſed to uſe many words.

The circumſtance of being buried in the ſame urn, is entirely conformable to the eaſtern cuſtom: There are innumerable inſtances in the ſcriptures of great perſonages being buried with their fathers: So *Joſeph* would not ſuffer his bones to reſt in *Ægypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying place of his father *Jacob*.

V. 124. *he form ſubſiſts, without the body's aid,*
Aëreal ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

The

This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;

The words of *Homer* are,

Ατὰρ φρένες ἔκ ἔνι πάμπαν.

In which there ſeems to be a great difficulty; it being not eaſy to explain how *Achilles* can ſay that the Ghoſt of his friend had no underſtanding, when it had but juſt made ſuch a rational and moving ſpeech; eſpecially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very ſhape, air, and voice of *Patroclus*.

But this paſſage will be clearly underſtood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the ſouls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple diviſion of *mind*, *image* and *body*. They imagined that the ſoul was not only ſeparated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther ſeparation of the φρὴν, or underſtanding, from its εἴδωλον, or vehicle; ſo that while the εἴδωλον, or image of the body, was in hell, the φρὴν, or underſtanding, might be in heaven: And that this is a true explication, is evident from a paſſage in the *Odyſſey*, book 11. v. 600.

Τὸν δὲ μετ', ἐισενόησα βίην Ἡρακληείην,
Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
Τέρπεται ἐν θαλέης, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥβην.

Now I the ſtrength of Hercules *behold,*
A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantick mould;
A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods:
There in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies
He Nectar *quaffs, and* Hebe *crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his εἴδωλον, or image, was in hell: So that when this ſecond ſeparation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtleſs form.

We have this whole doctrine very diſtinctly delivered by *Plutarch* in theſe words: "Man is a compound ſubject; but "not of two parts, as is commonly believed, becauſe the *underſtanding* is generally accounted a part of the *ſoul*; whereas "indeed it as far exceeds the ſoul, as the ſoul is diviner "than the body. Now the ſoul, when compounded with the "underſtanding, makes reaſon, and when compounded with the "body, paſſion: Whereof the one is the ſource or principle "of pleaſure or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man there-"fore properly dies two deaths; the firſt death makes him "two of three, and the ſecond makes him one of two." *Plutarch, of the face in the moon.*

Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But *Agamemnon*, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band;
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
A charge conſign'd to *Merion*'s faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping

V. 141. *O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go—*
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong—]

The numbers in the original of this whole paſſage are admirably adapted to the images the verſes convey to us. Every ear muſt have felt the propriety of ſound in this line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἔναιλα, κάταιλα, τάραιλα τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.

That other in its kind is no leſs exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κλυπέυσαι
Πίπλον ———

Dionyſius of *Halicarnaſſus* has collected many inſtances of theſe ſort of beauties in *Homer*. This deſcription of felling the foreſts, ſo excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in *Statius*, one of the beſt (I think) in that author.

—*Cadit ardua fagus,*
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuendaque ſuleo
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odora vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intenſa cacumina terræ,
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus, &c.

The

Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs, of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s ſpreading woods,
(Fair *Ida*, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the axe, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down;
The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burthens bore
(Such charge was giv'n them) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great *Achilles* ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view *Patroclus*' and *Achilles*' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;

Each

I the rather cite this fine paſſage, becauſe I find it copied by two of the greateſt poets of our nation, *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. The firſt in the *Aſſembly of fowls*, the ſecond in the *Fairy Queen*, lib. 1.

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpine good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage: The fir that weepeth ſtill,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill,
The myrrh, ſweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple ſeldom inward ſound.

Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoak along the plain;
Next these a melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead *Patroclus* on the bier:
O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw:
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent, on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great *Achilles* stands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair:

Those

V. 160. *Each in refulgent arms*, &c,—] 'Tis not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but *Patroclus* being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. *Eustathius.*

V. 166. *O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practis'd not only among the *Greeks*, but also among other nations; thus *Statius*, *Thebaid.* VI,

----*Tergoque & pectore fusam*
Cæsariem *ferro minuit*, *sectisque jacentis*
Obnubit tenuia ora comis.

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: *Ezekiel*, describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. v. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of sorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must just observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, v. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκειρος νῶτα καλλύνει φόβη.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And

Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew to *Sperchius'* honour'd flood;
Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt;
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!

And that the ancients ſometimes had their hair cut off in token of *joy*, is evident from *Juvenal*, *Sat.* 12. v. 82.

—*Gaudent ibi vertice raſo*
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.

This ſeeming contradiction will be ſolved by having reſpect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general cuſtom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of ſorrow; but if it was the cuſtom to wear ſhort hair, the letting it grow long and neglecting it, ſhewed that ſuch people were mourners.

V. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] *Achilles* follows the corpſe as chief mourner, and ſuſtains the head of his friend: This laſt circumſtance ſeems to be general; thus *Euripides* in the funeral of *Rheſus*, v. 886.

Τίς ὑπερ κεφαλῆς θεὸς, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,
Τὸν νεόδμητον ἐν χερσὶν
φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands ſupports the head of the deceas'd?

V. 175. *And ſacred grew to* Sperchius' *honour'd flood.*] It was the cuſtom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewiſe to conſecrate that of their children, to the river Gods of their country. This is what *Pauſanias* ſhews in his *Attics*: *Before you paſs the* Cephiſa (ſays he) *you find the tomb of* Theodorus, *who was the moſt excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you ſee two ſtatues, one of* Mneſimachus, *and the other of his ſon, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the cuſtom of the* Greeks, *may be inferred from* Homer's *poetry, where* Peleus *promiſes by a ſolemn vow to conſecrate to the river* Sperchius *the hair of his ſon, if he returns ſafe from the* Trojan *war.* This cuſtom was likewiſe in *Ægypt*, where *Philoſtratus* tells us, that *Memnon* conſecrated his hair to the *Nile*. This practice of *Achilles* was imitated by *Alexander* at the funeral of *Hæphæſtion*. *Spondanus*.

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn;
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day the ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
Thy altar ſtands, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more *Achilles* ſees his native plain;
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the *Grecian* ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe:
But to the King of Men thus ſpoke the Chief.
Enough, *Atrides!* give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
He ſaid: The people to their ſhips return:
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain,
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred feet in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread.
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtick at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their Lord.

Then

Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve *Trojan* captives fell:
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.
All hail, *Patroclus!* let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear and exult on *Pluto*'s dreary coaſt.
Behold, *Achilles*' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on *Hector*'s corſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he, threat'ning: But the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:
Celeſtial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the blood-hounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred *Phœbus* leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,

V. 228. *Celeſtial* Venus, *&c.*] *Homer* has here introduced a *ſeries* of allegories in the compaſs of a few lines: The body of *Hector* may be ſuppoſed to have continued beautiful even after he was ſlain; and *Venus* being the preſident of beauty, the Poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preſerved by that Goddeſs.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: For the ſun (ſays *Euſtathius*) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it cauſes a dryneſs, but at the ſame time, it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool ſeaſon while *Hector* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the Sun, raiſing clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very eaſy fiction in poetry, may be introduced in perſon to preſerve the body of *Hector*.

And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and *Sirian* fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead *Patroclus* lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide *Achilles* ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blaſt:
He call'd th' aereal pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged *Iris* heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old *Zephyr*'s open courts on high,
Sate all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But *Peleus*' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The *Weſtern Spirit*, and the *North* to riſe;
Let on *Patroclus*' pile your blaſt be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.
Swift as the word, ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word, the *Winds* tumultuous flew;
Forth

V. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to expreſs nothing vulgarly; and ſure no poet ever treſpaſſed leſs againſt this rule than *Homer*; the fruitfulneſs of his invention is

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſs'd before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deep in wat'ry mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires:
All night *Achilles* hails *Patroclus'* ſoul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn:
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn.

So

is continually raiſing incidents new and ſurprizing. Take this paſſage out of its poetical dreſs, and it will be no more than this: A ſtrong gale of wind blew, and ſo increaſed the flame that it ſoon conſumed the pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the winds in perſon: And *Iris*, or the rainbow, being (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) a ſign not only of ſhowers, but of winds, he makes them come at her ſummons.

Every circumſtance is well adapted: As ſoon as the winds ſee *Iris*, they riſe; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind riſes: She refuſes to ſit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never ſeen long at one time, but ſoon appears, and ſoon vaniſhes: She returns over the ocean; that is the bow is compoſed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have deſcribed her as paſſing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds are the ſame; or that the weſtern wind is in that country the moſt conſtant, and conſequently it may be ſaid that at ſuch ſeaſons all the winds are aſſembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the cave: It is the nature of the rainbow to be ſtretched entirely upon the ſurface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reaſon.

When *Iris* ſays that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remembered that the Gods are repreſented

So ſtay'd *Achilles*, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flam'd no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, *Aurora*'s warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling *Winds* return'd:
Acroſs the *Thracian* ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: Meanwhile the croud
Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: From his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.
Ye Kings and Princes of the *Achaian* name!
Firſt let us quench the yet-remaining flame
With ſable wine; then (as the rites direct,)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie,
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen,
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt, with decent honour laid,
Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.

Mean-

ted there in the firſt book, before the ſcenes of war were opened; and now they are cloſed they return thither. *Euſtathius.*—Thus *Homer* makes the anger of his hero ſo important, that it rouzed heaven to arms, and now, when it is almoſt appeaſed, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter *Greece* ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The *Greeks* obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;

There

V. 308. *Hereafter* Greece *a nobler pile ſhall raiſe.*] We ſee how *Achilles* conſults his own glory; the deſire of it prevails over his tenderneſs for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved *Patroclus*, to ſhare any equality of honour with himſelf, even in the grave. *Euſtathius.*

V. 321. *The games for* Patroclus.] The conduct of *Homer* in enlarging upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious: There had undoubtedly been ſuch honours paid to ſeveral heroes during this war, as appears from a paſſage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon*, to enhance the value of the horſes which he offers *Achilles*, ſays, that any perſon would be rich that had ſuch treaſures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races muſt have been run during the ſiege: For had they been before it, the horſes would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet paſſes all thoſe games over in ſilence, and reſerves them for this ſeaſon; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but alſo of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himſelf ſits the judge and arbitrator: Thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the ſuperiority of the character of *Achilles*.

But

There plac'd 'em round: Then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and Tripods, for the fun'ral games,
Reſplendent braſs and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe.
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant *Greeks!* decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God,
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)

But

But there is another reaſon why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: The death of *Patroclus* was the moſt eminent period; and conſequently the moſt proper time for ſuch games.

'Tis farther obſervable, that he chuſes this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could not well have found leiſure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: They are in too great a conſternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not poſſibly have choſen a more happy opportunity. *Euſtathius.*

But this no time our vigour to diſplay,
Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day:
Loſt is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, *Eumelus* hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardor bold *Tydides* ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the *Dardan* chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand)
Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the King of Kings:

Whom

V. 349 *Loſt is* Patroclus *now*, &c.] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for ſuch little digreſſions as theſe; in this paſſage he gives us the genealogy of his horſes, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But *Euſtathius* juſtifies his conduct, and ſays that it was very proper to commend the virtue of theſe horſes upon this occaſion, when horſes were to contend for victory: At the ſame time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whoſe honour theſe games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther juſtification of *Homer*, that this laſt circumſtance is very natural: *Achilles*, while he commends his horſes, remembered how careful *Patroclus* had been of them. His love for his friend is ſo great, that the minuteſt circumſtance recalls him to his mind; and ſuch little digreſſions, ſuch avocations of thought as theſe, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and ſorrow.

Whom rich *Echepolus*, (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to *Agamemnon* gave,
(*Æthe* her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him *Antilochus* demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his *Pylian* horſe.
Experienc'd *Neſtor* gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.
My ſon! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.

Fear

V. 365. *Whom rich* Echepolus, *&c.*] One would think that *Agamemnon* might be accuſed of avarice, in diſpenſing with a man from going to the war for the ſake of a horſe; but *Ariſtotle* very well obſerves, that this prince is praiſe-worthy for having preferred a horſe to a perſon ſo cowardly, and ſo incapable of ſervice. It may alſo be conjectured from this paſſage, that even in thoſe older times it was the cuſtom, that thoſe who were willing to be excuſed from the war, ſhould give either a horſe or man, and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa* ordered the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him horſes or men: And *Ageſilaus* being at *Epheſus*, and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not ſerve in the war ſhould be diſpenſed with, provided they furniſhed a man and a horſe in their ſtead: In which, ſays *Plutarch*, he wiſely followed the example of king *Agamemnon*, who excuſed a very rich coward from ſerving in perſon, for a preſent of a good mare. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

V. 371. *Experienc'd* Neſtor, *&c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite *Neſtor*, and I think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had diſabled him from bearing any ſhare in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere ſpectator.

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known,
Compare thoſe rivals judgments, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe:
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain unſkilful to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once-ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains.

Inclos'd

tator, but as an actor in the ſports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for *Antilochus*. *Antilochus* wins not by the ſwiftneſs of his horſes, but by the wiſdom of *Neſtor*.

This fatherly tenderneſs is wonderfully natural: We ſee him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his ſon; he comes to the barrier, ſtands beſide the chariot, animates his ſon by his praiſes, and directs him by his leſſons: You think the old man's ſoul mounts on the chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the ſame dangers, and run the ſame career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this ſpeech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wiſdom over ſtrength, which is a tacit compliment to himſelf: And had there been a prize for wiſdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. *Euſtathius*.

Inclos'd with ſtones conſpicuous from afar,
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
Leſt thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind.
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore *Adraſtus*, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.
Thus, (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold *Meriones* was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe *Achilles* throws.)

Young

V. 427. *The lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal front, or one behind the other, is a difficulty: *Euſtathius* ſays the ancients were of opinion that they did not ſtand in one front; becauſe it was evident that he who had the firſt lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: If he had not, why ſhould *Achilles* caſt lots? Madam *Dacier* is of opinion that they all ſtood a-breaſt at the barrier, and that the

firſt

Young *Neſtor* leads the race: *Eumelus* then;
And next, the brother of the King of men:
Thy lot, *Merioneſ*, the fourth was caſt;
And, far the braveſt, *Diomed*, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old *Phœnix* to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoaking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.

While

firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and ſtood within the reſt; whereas the others muſt take a larger circle, and conſequently were forced to run a greater compaſs of ground. *Phœnix* was placed as an inſpector of the race, that is, ſays *Euſtathius*, he was to make report whether they had obſerved the laws of the race in their ſeveral turnings.

Sophocles obſerves the ſame method with *Homer* in relation to the lots and inſpectors, in his *Electra*.

——— Οἱ τελεσμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν κ᾽ ἐκάλεσησαν δίφρον.

The conſtituted judges aſſigned the places according to the lots.

The ancients ſay that the charioteers ſtarted at the *Sigæum*, where the ſhips of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Khæteum*, from the ſhips towards the ſhores. But *Ariſtarchus* affirmed that they ran in the compaſs of ground of five *ſtadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents towards the ſhore. *Euſtathius*.

While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhoot along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretian* ſteeds;
With thoſe of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* ſucceeds:
Cloſe on *Eumelus'* back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry *Phœbus* to *Tydides* flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey.
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

The

V. 458. *And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us ſpectators of the race, we ſee *Diomed* preſſing upon *Eumelus* ſo cloſely, that his chariot ſeems to climb the chariot of *Eumelus*.

V. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey,* &c.] We have ſeen *Diomed* ſurrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the moſt perilous ſcenes of blood and death, yet never ſhed one tear: And now he weeps on a ſmall occaſion, for a mere trifle: This muſt be aſcribed to the nature of mankind, who are often tranſported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in ev'ry man's life; ſo that he, who could meet the greateſt dangers with intrepidity, may thro' anger be betrayed into an indecency. *Euſtathius.*

The reaſon why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Euſtathius*, is becauſe he was intereſted for *Eumelus*, whoſe mares he had fed, when he ſerved *Admetus*; but I fancy he is under a miſtake:

The fraud celeſtial *Pallas* ſees with pain,
Springs to her Knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke.
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad *Tydides* flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, tho' diſtant, *Menelaus* ſucceeds;
While thus young *Neſtor* animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match *Tydides*' horſe,
Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way,
And gives their Lord the honours of the day.

But

miſtake: This indeed is a reaſon why he ſhould favour *Eumelus*, but not why he ſhould be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was perſonal; becauſe he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollo* ſtill reſents it.

The fiction of *Minerva*'s aſſiſting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being ſo wiſe as to take a couple of whips to prevent any miſchance: So that *Wiſdom*, or *Pallas*, may be ſaid to lend him one. *Euſtathius.*

V. 438. *The ſpeech of* Antilochus *to his horſes.*] I fear *Antilochus* his ſpeech to his horſes is blameable; *Euſtathius* himſelf ſeems to think it a fault that he ſhould ſpeak ſo much in the very heat of the race. He commands and ſooths, counſels and threatens, his horſes, as if they were reaſonable creatures. The ſubſequent ſpeech of *Menelaus* is more excuſable, as it is more ſhort, but both of them are ſpoken in a paſſion, and anger we know makes us ſpeak to every thing, and we diſcharge it upon the moſt ſenſeleſs objects.

But reach *Atrides!* ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall *Neſtor*'s hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon' narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champaign beat.
And now *Antilochus*, with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng,
The *Spartan* hero's chariot ſmoak'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling, caſts his eyes below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, *Antilochus!* thy chariot flew
Before the King: He, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The found'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt thro' frantick haſte to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwiſe!

Go,

Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine——
Then to his ſteeds, with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Mean time the *Grecians* in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the *Cretan* King;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The Monarch ſate; from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white,
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and riſing, to the *Greeks* begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, tho' the ſwifteſt, by ſome God with-held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantick fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)

Yet

Yet ſure he ſeems (to judge both ſhape and air.)
The great *Ætolian* chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (*Oïleus* raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize.
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrival'd lead the race:
I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!

Conten-

V. 565. *The diſpute between* Idomeneus *and* Ajax.] Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horſe-race: The leaders were divided into parties, and each was intereſted for his friend: The poet had a two-fold deſign, not only to embelliſh and diverſify his poem by ſuch natural circumſtances, but alſo to ſhew us, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, from the conduct of *Ajax*, that paſſionate men betray themſelves into follies, and are themſelves guilty of the faults of which they accuſe others.

It is with a particular decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his ſuperior in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the ſhows, he was the proper judge of any difference that ſhould ariſe about them. Had the conteſt been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, conſidered as ſoldiers, the cauſe muſt have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be conſidered as ſpectators of the games, they ought to be determined by *Achilles*.

It may not be unneceſſary juſt to obſerve to the reader the judiciouſneſs of *Homer*'s conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and conſequently muſt be the chief actor in all the great ſcenes of it: He had remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the deſign of his *Ilias*: and to ſupply his abſence from many of the buſy ſcenes of the preceding parts of it he now in the concluſion makes him almoſt the ſole agent: By theſe means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader;

as

Contentious Prince! of all the *Greeks* beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride.
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A Goblet or a Tripod let us ſtake,
And be the King the Judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs when they pay the price.
He ſaid: And *Ajax* by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn inhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes. But *Thetis'* god-like ſon,
Awful, amidſt them roſe; and thus begun,
Forbear ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a ſtream of duſt, the charioteer;
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal *Tydides* ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;

From

as he raiſed our expectations when he brought him upon the ſtage of action, ſo he makes him go off with the utmoſt pomp and applauſe.

V. 581. *High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields.*] I perſuaded that the common tranſlation of the word Κὰλωμαδὸν, in the original of this verſe, is faulty: It is rendered, *he laſhed the horſes continually over the ſhoulders:* whereas I fancy it ſhould be tranſlated thus, *aſſiduè* (equos) *agitabat ſcuticâ ab humero ductâ.* This naturally expreſſes the very action, and

From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream:
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam;
With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young *Neſtor* follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt *Atrides*) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift *Æthe* her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came, *Admetus!* thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of *Greece!* the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great *Tydides* bears the firſt away)
To him, the ſecond honours of the day.

The

whirl of the whip over the driver's ſhoulder, in the act of laſhing the horſes, and agrees with the uſe of the ſame word in the 41ſt line of this book, where ἔρα δίσκου καλωμαδίοιο muſt be tranſlated *jactus diſci ab humero vibrati.*

V. 614. *Fortune denies, but juſtice*, &c.] *Achilles* here intends to ſhew, that it is not juſt, fortune ſhould rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himſelf his misfortune, ought to have the recom-

The *Greeks* conſent with loud applauding cries,
And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful *Neſtor*, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim:
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O *Peleus'* ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul, deſirous to beſtow,)
Some gift muſt grace *Eumelus*; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore.
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And *Greece* ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.
But this my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth, nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.

recompence he has deſerved: And this principle is juſt, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right. *Eumelus* is a *Theſſalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countrymen. *Dacier.*

V. 633. *But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this diſcourſe of *Antilochus*: He ſpeaks with the generoſity of a gallant ſoldier, and prefers his honour to his intereſt; he tells *Achilles* if he pleaſes he may make *Eumelus* a richer preſent than his prize, he is not concerned for the value of it, but as it was the reward of victory, he would not reſign it, becauſe that would be an acknowledgment that *Eumelus* deſerved it.

The character of *Antilochus* is admirably ſuſtained through this whole epiſode; he is a very ſenſible man, but tranſported with

With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd *Aſteropæus* wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) *Eumelus*, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: *Automedon* at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: Then *Menelaüs* roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at *Neſtor*'s ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh *(Antilochus)* has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O *Grecians!* be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not, we ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What *Greek* ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-begotten prize?
Riſe, if thou dar'ſt, before the chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand,
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent,

Swear

with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: His raſhneſs in driving ſo furiouſly againſt *Menelaus* muſt be imputed to this; but his paſſions being gratified by the conqueſt in the race, his reaſon again returns, he owns his error, and is full of reſignation to *Menelaus*.

V. 663. *And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear*—] 'Tis evident, ſays *Euſtathius*, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot-race: but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit

Antilochus

Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The Mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke *Antilochus*; and at the word
The Mare conteſted to the King reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew:

Antilochus uſed againſt *Menelaus*: perhaps *Antilochus* in his haſte had declined from the race-ground, and avoided ſome of the uneven places of it, and conſequently took an unfair advantage of his adverſary; or perhaps his driving ſo furiouſly againſt *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuſes to take the oath.

V. 679. *Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain*, &c.] *Euſtathius* is very large in the explication of this ſimilitude, which at the firſt view ſeems obſcure: His words are theſe:

"As the dew raiſes the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depreſſed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flouriſh, ſo did the behaviour of *Antilochus* raiſe the dejected mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his ſpirits, and reſtore him to a full ſatisfaction."

I have given the reader his interpretation, and tranſlated it with the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the ſpirit of the Orientals.

Such joy the *Spartan*'s ſhining face o'er-ſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:
Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now *Atrides*' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merits, and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to *Noëmon*'s hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: Himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents *Merion* next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend *Neſtor* bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of *Patroclus* dead;
Dead,

V. 707. *Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire.*] The poet in my opinion preſerves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counſellor: He gives him an honorary reward for his ſuperior wiſdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it ἄεθλον, and not δῶρον, a prize and not a preſent. The moral of *Homer* is, that princes ought no leſs to honour and recompenſe thoſe who excel in wiſdom and counſel, than thoſe who are capable of actual ſervice.

Achilles,

Dead, and for ever loſt *Patroclus* lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race; or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable King reply'd.
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this reſpect, not only out of deference to his age, and wiſdom, but alſo becauſe he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his ſon: So that *Neſtor* may be ſaid to have conquered in the perſon of *Antilochus*. *Euſtathius*.

V. 719. Neſtor's *ſpeech* to Achilles.] This ſpeech is admirably well adapted to the character of *Neſtor*: He aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think *Horace* had him in his eye,

Laudatur temporis acti
Se puero—

Neither is it any blemiſh to the character of *Neſtor*, thus to be a little talkative about his own atchievements: To have deſcribed him otherwiſe, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wiſeſt man living is not free from the infirmities of man: and as every ſtage of life has ſome imperfection peculiar to itſelf.

———Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν.
———Ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ.

The reader may obſerve that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reaſons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: He is very ſolicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of ſkill or power in himſelf: And in my opinion *Neſtor* is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own diſappointment.

It

Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' *Buprafium* and the *Pylian* ſhore!
Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to *Amarynces'* mighty name;
The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,
Ætolians, *Pylians*, all reſign'd the day.
I quell'd *Clytomedes* in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd *Ancæus* on the ſand,
Surpaſs'd *Iphiclus* in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the ſpear.
The ſons of *Actor* won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:

For

It is for the ſame reaſon he repeats the words I have cited above: He obtrudes (by that repetition) the diſadvantages under which he laboured, upon the obſervation of the reader, for fear he ſhould impute the loſs of the victory to his want of ſkill.

Neſtor ſays that theſe *Moliones* overpowered him by their *number*. The criticks, as *Euſtathius* remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal ſtory, that when *Neſtor* was ready to enter the liſts againſt theſe brothers, he objected againſt them as unfair adverſaries, (for it muſt be remembered, that they were monſters that grew together, and conſequently had four hands to *Neſtor*'s two) but the judge would not allow his plea, but determined that as they grew together, ſo they ought to be conſidered as one man.

Others tell us, that they brought ſeveral chariots into the liſts, whoſe charioteers combined together in favour of *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*, theſe brother-monſters.

Others ſay, that the multitude of the ſpectators conſpired to diſappoint *Neſtor*.

I thought it neceſſary to give my reader theſe ſeveral conjectures; that he might underſtand why *Neſtor* ſays he was overpowered by πλήθει, or *numbers*; and alſo, becauſe it confirms my former obſervation, that *Neſtor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the ſtrongeſt colours, and to ſhew it in the faireſt light.

For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by *Neſtor* borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks* to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day.

Proud of the Gift, thus ſpake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the *Cæſtus* wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large and round.
Achilles riſing, thus: Let *Greece* excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke?
On whom *Apollo* ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the *Greeks* ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great *Epëus* choſe,
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,

And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) For who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The Giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, *Euryalus!* who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great *Meciſtheus*; who in days of yore
In *Theban* games the nobleſt trophy bore:
(The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the *Cadmæan* race.
Him great *Tydides* urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend,
Officious with the cincture girds him round,
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gantlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length *Epeus* dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down drop'd he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.

As

As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: Not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero panting on the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along,
Nodding, his head hangs down, his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receives the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,
And calls the Wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy Tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen, its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands;

Cloſe

V. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark made upon this paſſage by Madam *Dacier*, who highly reſents the affront put upon her ſex by the ancients, who ſet (it ſeems) thrice the value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female-ſlave: Nay, ſhe is afraid the value of women is not raiſed even in our days; for ſhe ſays there are curious perſons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the fineſt woman alive: I confeſs I entirely agree with the Lady, and muſt impute ſuch opinions of the fair ſex to want of taſte in both ancients and moderns: The reader may remember that theſe *Tripods* were of no uſe, but made entirely for ſhow; and conſequently the moſt ſatyrical critick could only ſay, the Woman and *Tripod* ought to have borne an equal value.

Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt:
Below, their planted feet at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters, which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry winds and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fix'd on the centre ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from ev'ry pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could *Ulyſſes*, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of *Ajax* on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of *Ajax* overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to *Uyſſes* ſpoke great *Telamon*.
Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and *Jove* the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time *Ulyſſes* found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtrook: The Giant fell ſupine:
Uyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run ratt'ling thro' the ſkies.

Ajax

V. 826. *Like two ſtrong rafters*, &c.] I will give the reader the words of *Euſtathius* upon this ſimilitude, which very happily repreſents the wreſtlers in the poſture of wreſtling. Their heads leaned one againſt the other, like the rafters that ſupport the roof of a houſe: at the foot they are diſjoined, and ſtand at a greater diſtance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in theſe two wreſtlers, while they contend for victory.

Ajax to lift, *Ulyſſes* next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe;
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grapling cloſe, they tumble ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great *Achilles* thus divides the prize.
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: Let others, who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well,
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey,
And now ſucceed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:
Sidonian

V. 849. *He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe.*] The poet by this circumſtance excellently maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been deſcribed as a ſtrong, unwieldly warrior: He is ſo heavy that *Ulyſſes* can ſcarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning; either that *Ajax* locked his leg within that of *Ulyſſes*, or that *Ulyſſes* did it. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulyſſes* this ſhock, then he may be allowed to have ſome appearance of an equality in the conteſt; but if *Ulyſſes* gave it, then *Ajax* muſt be acknowledged to have been foiled: But (continues he) it appeared to be otherwiſe to *Achilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, becauſe they were equal in the conteſt.

Madam *Dacier* miſrepreſents *Euſtathius* on this place, in ſaying he thinks it was *Ulyſſes* who gave the ſecond ſtroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwiſe in conſent with the judgment given by *Achilles*.

Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine:
Whence *Tyrian* ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lemnian* port:
From him deſcended good *Eunæus* heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for *Lycaon* ſpar'd,
To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.

The hero ſaid, and ſtarting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next, and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, *Neſtor's* ſon the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand:
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; *Oileus* led the race;
The next *Ulyſſes*, meas'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep ere the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays:
Th' admiring *Greeks* loud acclamations raiſe:
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.

Now

Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to *Pallas* lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And, preſent at his thought, deſcends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy *Ajax* ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.
(The ſelf-ſame place beſide *Patroclus'* pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn *Ulyſſes'* rich reward.
Then graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the *Greeks* addreſt.
Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe:
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And *Pallas*, not *Ulyſſes*, won the day.
Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputt'ring dirt and gore;
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.

Antilochus,

V. 901. *Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the preſent circumſtance of *Ulyſſes* than this prayer: it is ſhort, and ought to be ſo, becauſe the time would not allow him to make a longer; nay, he prefers this petition mentally, ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν: all his faculties are ſo bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to ſpeak ſo ſhort a petition as ſeven words, which comprehend the whole of it: Such paſſages as theſe are inſtances of great judgment in the poet.

Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to *Ajax* I muſt yield the prize;
He to *Ulyſſes*, ſtill more ag'd and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days,)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace.
For who can match *Achilles*? He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, or than man.
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech. *Pelides* cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor *Greece* in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of *Neſtor*, worthy of his ſire,

Next

V. 924. *And takes it with a jeſt.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he inſinuates, that he has ſomething to comfort himſelf with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the ſame protection, ſince it is a privilege of ſeniority. *Dacier*.

V. 933. *For who can match* Achilles?] There is great art in theſe tranſient compliments to *Achilles*: That hero could not poſſibly ſhew his own ſuperiority in thoſe games by contending for any of the prizes, becauſe he was the exhibiter of the ſports: But *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race *Achilles* is repreſented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he ſpeaks it himſelf, the poet brings it in ſo happily, that he ſpeaks it without any indecency: And in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can diſpute the prize with him. Thus though *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only becauſe *Achilles* is not their antagoniſt.

Next theſe a buckler, ſpear and helm, he brings,
Caſt on the plain the brazen burthen rings!
Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,
And great *Patroclus* in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth, the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſts before our army's ſight,
And ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword *Aſteropeus* poſſeſt of old,
(A *Thracian* blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold,)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chief divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, uproſe great *Tydeus'* ſon,
And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon*,
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Low'ring

V. 949. *Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been ſhocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in ſport ſhould thus contend for their lives; and therefore *Ariſtophanes* the *Grammarian* made this alteration in the verſes.

Ὁππότερός κεν πρῶτος ἐπιῤῥάψας χρόα καλὸν
Φθῃ ἐτευξάμενος διὰ δ' ἐῖλεα, &c.

But it is evident that they entirely miſtook the meaning and intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the firſt wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promiſe to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them ſhould fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of ſkill, and as ſuch ſingle combats were frequent in the wars of thoſe ages againſt adverſaries, ſo this was propoſed only to ſhew the dexterity of the combatants in that exerciſe. *Euſtathius.*

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the ſight,
Each *Argive* boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of *Ajax* made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: His jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin at the neck he drove.
But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due *Tydides* gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
A maſs of iron, (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling *Greeks* admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty Quoit *Aëtion* wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs'd in air:
The Giant by *Achilles* ſlain, he ſtow'd,
Among his ſpoils, this memorable load.

For

V. 971. *Yet ſtill the victor's due* Tydides *gains.*] *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very juſt arbitrator: Tho' the combat did not proceed to a full iſſue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and conſequently ought to be rewarded as victor, becauſe he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interpoſed.

I could have wiſhed that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in ſome of theſe conteſts. He undoubtedly was a very gallant ſoldier, and has been deſcribed as repulſing a whole army; yet in all theſe ſports he has been foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this repreſentation, not only to ſhew, that ſtrength without conduct is uſually unſucceſsful, but alſo his deſign might be to compliment the *Greeks* his countrymen; by ſhewing that this *Ajax*, who had repelled a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies: For we find him overpowered in three of theſe exerciſes.

For this he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him, whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For plough-ſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern *Polypœtes* ſtept before the throng,
And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal ſtrong.
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Uproſe great *Ajax*; up *Epëus* roſe,
Each ſtood in order: Firſt *Epëus* threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of god-like *Ajax* caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From *Polypœtes*' arm the *Diſcus* ſung:
Far, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,

So

V. 985. *If he be one, enrich'd*, &c.] The poet in this place ſpeaks in the ſimplicity of ancient times: The prodigious weight and ſize of the Quoit is deſcribed with a noble plainneſs, peculiar to the oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of thoſe heroic ages. He does not ſet down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigneſs nor weight, but as to the uſe it will be of to him who ſhall gain it. We ſee from hence, that the ancients, in the prizes they propoſed, had in view not only the honourable, but the uſeful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the proviſion of iron. Beſides, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe times iron was very ſcarce; and a ſure ſign of this ſcarcity, is that their arms were braſs. *Euſtath. Dacier.*

So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſt amidſt the round,
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound)
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon' flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear,
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: Experienc'd *Merion* took the word;
And ſkilful *Teucer*: In the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To *Phœbus*, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplay'd her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies with loud applauſe reſound,
And *Merion* eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,

Implores

V. 1030, *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of *Homer*, that of *Marſeilles* repreſents theſe two rivals in archery as uſing two bows in the conteſt; and reads the verſes thus,

Σπερ-

Implores the God to ſpeed it thro' the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt,
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave *Merion* bears the prize.
To cloſe the fun'ral games, *Achilles* laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger, of unſullied frame,
With flow'rs high wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.

For

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ' ὀϊστόν
Τόξῳ ἐν γαρ χερσὶν ἔχε πάλα, ὡς ἴθυνεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only difference, that he reads it

Εξείρυσε τευκρυ τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that theſe archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by theſe means the one had no advantage over the other, becauſe both of them ſhot with the ſame bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the beſt, where the lines ſtand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς or τεύκρυ
Τόξον, ἀτὰρ δή ὀϊστὸν ἔχε πάλαι ὡς ἴθυνεν. *Euſtath.*

This *Teucer* is the moſt eminent man for archery of any thro' the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by *Meriones*: And the poet aſcribes his miſcarriage to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*. who invokes him, is crowned with ſucceſs. There is an excellent moral in this paſſage, and the poet would teach us, that without addreſſing to heaven we cannot ſucceed: *Meriones* does not conquer becauſe he is the better archer, but becauſe he is the better man.

For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dext'rous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.
With joy *Pelides* ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the Monarch, and reſpectful ſaid.
Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O King of nations! all thy *Greeks* proclaim;
In ev'ry martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd

V. 1051. *Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.*] There is an admirable conduct in this paſſage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; ſo that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uſes both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a conteſt, is very remarkable: The game was a warlike exerciſe, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a conteſt is a decency judiciouſly obſerved, becauſe no one ought to be ſuppoſed to excel the general in any military art: *Agamemnon* does juſtice to his own character, for whereas he had been repreſented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous perſon, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaſt value, and generouſly gives even that to *Talthybius*. *Euſtathius*.

As to this laſt particular, of *Agamemnon*'s preſenting the charger to *Talthybius*, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his preſent on this occaſion, and I believe the words of *Homer*,

Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδε περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον,

mean no more than he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ſhips; *Talthybius* being by his office an attendant upon *Agamemnon*.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The King to *Merion* gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius'* hands:

IT will be expected I ſhould here ſay ſomething tending to a compariſon between the games of *Homer* and thoſe of *Virgil*. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural paſſions, in the games and perſons of *Homer*. On the other hand, there ſeems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verſe in thoſe of *Virgil*. The *chariot-race* is that which *Homer* has moſt laboured, of which *Virgil* being ſenſible, he judiciouſly avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and ſubſtituted in its place the *naval-courſe*, or *ſhip-race*. It is in this the *Roman* poet has employed all his force, as if on ſet purpoſe to rival his maſter; but it is extremely obſervable how conſtantly he keeps *Homer* in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his track, even when he had varied the ſubject itſelf. Accordingly the accidents of the naval-courſe have a ſtrange reſemblance with thoſe of *Homer*'s chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that deſcription into a ſimile. Do not we ſee he has *Homer*'s chariots in his head, by theſe lines?

Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corr puere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus.
Nec ſic immiſſis aurigæ undantia lora
Concuſſere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.

Æn. v. 144.

What is the encounter of *Cloanthus* and *Gyas* in the ſtrait between the rocks, but the ſame with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way? Had the galley of *Sergeſtus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demoliſhed? Or *Mneſtheus* been caſt from the helm; had not the other been thrown from his ſeat? Does not *Mneſtheus* exhort his rowers in the very words *Antilochus* had uſed to his horſes?

Non jam prima peto Mneſtheus, *neque vincere certo.*
Quamquam O! ſed ſuperent quibus hoc Neptune *dediſti;*
Extremos

Extremos pudeat rediiſſe! hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibite nefas ———

Ἔμβην᾽ον, ϗ σφῶϊ τιλαίνεον ὅτλι ταχιζα.
Ἦ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ἔτι κελεύω
Τυδεΐδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἵσιν Ἀθήνη
Νῦν ἄρεξε ταχος ———
Ἵππες δ᾽ Αἰρείδαο κιχάνεΐε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεΐκεϊην καλαχεύη
Λιθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα ———

Upon the whole, the deſcription of the ſea-race I think has the more poetry and majeſty, that of the chariots more natural and lively incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* ſo pictureſque, ſo animated, or which ſo much marks the characters, as the epiſodes of *Antilochus* and *Menelaüs*, *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, with that beautiful interpoſition of old *Neſtor*, (ſo naturally introduced into an affair where one ſo little expects him) On the other ſide, in *Virgil* the deſcription itſelf is nobler; it has ſomething more worthy the preſence of princes and great perſons.

In three other games we find the *Roman* poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cæſtus* is in a great part verbal tranſlation: But it muſt be owned in favour of *Virgil*, that he has varied from *Homer* in the event of the combat with admirable judgment, and with an improvement of the moral. *Epëus* and *Dares* are deſcribed by both poets as vain boaſters; but *Virgil*, with more poetical juſtice, puniſhes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the preſumption and pride of *Epëus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion that *Homer* has ſhewn more judgment and morality than *Virgil*. *Niſus* in the latter is unjuſt to his adverſary in favour of his friend *Euryalus*; ſo that *Euryalus* wins the race by palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the firſt prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulyſſes* victorious, purely thro' the miſchance of *Ajax*, and his own piety in invoking *Minerva*.

The *ſhooting* is alſo a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumſtances which make a beautiful

gradation. In *Homer* the firſt archer cuts the ſtring that held the bird, and the other ſhoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the firſt only hits the maſt which the bird was fixed upon, the ſecond cuts the ſtring, the third ſhoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the ſtrength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This laſt is certainly ſuperior to *Homer* in what they call the *wonderful*: But what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at leaſt as much ſurprized at it, as at the moſt unreaſonable part in *Homer*, I leave to thoſe criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am: Nor ſhall I obſerve upon the many literal imitations in the *Roman* poet, to object againſt which were to derogate from thoſe fine paſſages, which *Virgil* was ſo very ſenſible of, that he was reſolved to take them, at any rate, to himſelf.

There remain in *Homer* three games untouched by *Virgil*, the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat*, and the *Diſcus*. In *Virgil* there is only the *Luſus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and muſt be confeſſed to be inimitable; I don't know whether I may be allowed to ſay, it is worth all thoſe three of *Homer*?

I could not forgive myſelf if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the ſixth *Thebaïd* of *Statius*; it is by much the moſt beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed *Homer* thro' the whole courſe of his games: There is the *chariot-race*, the *foot race*, the *Diſcus*, the *Cæſtus*, the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat*, (which is put off in the ſame manner as in *Homer*) and the *ſhooting*; which laſt ends (as in *Virgil*) with a prodigy: Yet in the particular deſcriptions of each of theſe games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predeceſſors, and his poem is ſo much the worſe for it.

THE

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of *Hector*.

THE *Gods deliberate about the redemption of* Hector's *body.* Jupiter *ſends* Thetis *to* Achilles *to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it, and* Iris *to* Priam, *to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old King, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an Omen from* Jupiter. *He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents under the charge of* Idæus *the herald.* Mercury *deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of* Achilles. *Their converſation on the way.* Priam *finds* Achilles *at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon;* Achilles, *moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him back with the body: The* Trojans *run out to meet him. The lamentation of* Andromache, Hecuba, *and* Helen, *with the ſolemnities of the funeral.*

The time of twelve days *is employed in this book, while the body of* Hector *lies in the tent of* Achilles. *And as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The* ſcene *is partly in* Achilles's *camp, and partly in* Troy.

THE

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

NOW from the finiſh'd games the *Grecian* band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded ſtrand:
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo *Achilles:* He, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep,
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep;
Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his *Patroclus* fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;

V. 14. *What ſeas they meaſur'd*, &c.] There is ſomething very noble in theſe ſentiments of *Achilles:* He does not recollect

All paſs'd before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.
And thrice, *Patroclus!* round thy monument
Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd careaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies.

For

left any ſoft moments, and tenderneſſes that had paſſed between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: Thus the poet on all occaſions admirably ſuſtains the character of *Achilles*; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: *Achilles* is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This paſſage in *Homer* has not eſcaped the cenſure of *Plato*, who thought it a diminution to his character to be thus tranſported with grief; but the objection will vaniſh, if we remember that all the paſſions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have repreſented him as mourning moderately for his friend. *Plato* ſpoke more like a philoſopher than a critick when he blamed the behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: Theſe tears would have ill become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Beſides, there is ſomething very inſtructive in this whole repreſentation, it ſhews us the power of a ſincere friendſhip, and ſoftens and recommends the character of *Achilles*; the violence he uſed towards his enemy is alleviated by the ſincerity he expreſſes towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but an amiable friend.

For *Phœbus* watch'd it with ſuperior care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:

V. 30. *For* Phœbus *watch'd it*, &c.] *Euſtathius* ſays, that by this ſhield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the ſun, which cooling and qualifying the ſultrineſs of the air, preſerved the body from decay: But perhaps the poet had ſomething farther in his eye when he introduced *Apollo* upon this occaſion: *Apollo* is a phyſician and the God of medicaments; if therefore *Achilles* uſed any arts to preſerve *Hector* from decay, that he might be able the longer to inſult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be ſaid to protect it with his *Ægis*.

V. 36. *But* Neptune *this, and* Pallas *this denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he ſhews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of *Hector*, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interpoſition of *Mercury*, makes uſe of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his ſon: This gives an air of probability to the relation, at the ſame time that it advances the glory of *Achilles*; for the greateſt of his enemies labours to purchaſe his favour, the Gods hold a conſultation, and a King becomes his ſuppliant. *Euſtathius.*

Thoſe ſeven lines, from Κλέψαι δ' ὠτρύνεσκον Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινὴν have been thought ſpurious by ſome of the ancients: They judged it as an indecency that the Goddeſs of wiſdom and *Achilles* ſhould be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majeſty of the Gods to be ſaid to ſteal. Beſide, ſay they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and conſequently that ſtory was of a later invention: And *Ariſtarchus* affirms that Μαχλοσύνη is a more modern word, and never known before the time of *Heſiod*, who uſes it when he ſpeaks of the daughters of *Prætus*; then adds, that it is appropriated to ſignify the incontinence of women, and cannot

E'er ſince that day implacable to *Troy*,
What time young *Paris*, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (Reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected from the *Cyprian* Queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke,
To heav'n aſſembled, thus *Apollo* ſpoke.
Unpitying pow'rs! how oft' each holy fane
Has *Hector* ting'd with blood of victims ſlain?
And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the *Trojan* view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire *Achilles* all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;

A lion,

not be at all applied to men: Therefore others read the laſt verſe,

Ἢ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

Theſe objections are entirely gathered from *Euſtathius*; to which we may add, that *Macrobius* ſeems to have been one of thoſe who rejected theſe verſes, ſince he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of *Paris*. It may be anſwered, that the ſilence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of *Paris*, is no argument that he was ignorant of that ſtory: Perhaps he might think it moſt proper to unfold the cauſe of the deſtruction of *Troy* in the concluſion of the *Ilias*; that the reader ſeeing the wrong done, and the puniſhment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the juſtice of it.

The ſame reaſon will be an anſwer to the objection relating to the anger of *Pallas*: Wiſdom cannot be ſatisfied without juſtice, and conſequently *Pallas* ought not to ceaſe from reſentment, till *Troy* has ſuffered the deſerts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word Μάχλοσίν is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of *Homer* and *Heſiod*, ſo neither can any perſon be aſſured that ſuch words were not in uſe in *Homer*'s days.

A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride,
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the loſs of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this inſatiate the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n.
Lo how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of Man and God.
If equal honours by the partial ſkies
Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
If *Thetis*' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But *Hector* only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:

V. 52. *A lion, not a man*, &c.] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of a God. One may ſee from this alone that he was far from deſigning his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midſt of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praiſes with his blemiſhes; *Brave tho' he be*, &c. Thus what is the real merit of *Achilles* is diſtinguiſhed from what is blameable in his character, and we ſee *Apollo* or the God of wiſdom, is no leſs impartial than juſt in his repreſentation of *Achilles*.

Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddeſs, by a man's embrace;
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to *Peleus* giv'n,
A man divine, and choſen friend of heav'n),
To grace thoſe nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this Minſtrel-God
(Well-pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thund'rer checks th'imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, nor their honours are the ſame.
But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace
Hector deſerves, of all the *Trojan* race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to Gods can pay)
Nor ever from our ſmoaking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt
H. we'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corſe away,
We will not: *Thetis* guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from *Priam* to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corſe to leave.
He added not: And *Iris* from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the meſſage flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where *Samos* wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves reſound)
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;

So

So paſs'd the Goddeſs thro' the cloſing wave,
Where *Thetis* ſorrow'd in her ſecret cave:
There plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſate, revolving fates to come;
And wept her god-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
Ariſe! O *Thetis*, from thy ſeats below.
'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated ſkies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah! may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd——
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.

Then

V. 114. *And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.*] Theſe words are very artfully inſerted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action; and therefore to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumſtances as theſe greatly raiſe the character of *Achilles*, he is ſo truly valiant, that tho' he knows he muſt fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abſtain from the war, but courageouſly meets his death: And here I think it proper to inſert an obſervation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a ſingle combat, in which he was ſure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* juſt before the combat.

——Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἑτερόν γε πεσόντα
Αἵματος ἆσαι ἄρηα, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, ſays Achilles, but one of us ſhall fall.

Then thro' the world of waters they repair
(The way fair *Iris* led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'ning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(*Minerva* riſing gave the mourner place)
Ev'n *Juno* ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the Nectar bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: Then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair *Thetis*, but with grief o'ercaſt,
Maternal ſorrows, long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In *Hector*'s cauſe have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;

'Twas

V. 141. *Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above*, &c.] It may be thought that ſo many interpoſitions of the Gods, ſuch meſſages from heaven to earth, and down to the ſeas, are needleſs machines; and it may be imagined that it is an offence againſt probability that ſo many Deities ſhould be employed to pacify *Achilles*: But I am of opinion that the poet conducts the whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almoſt at the concluſion, and *Achilles* is to paſs from a ſtate of an almoſt inexorable reſentment to a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; ſuch a change could not be brought about by human means; *Achilles* is too ſtubborn to obey any thing leſs than a God: This is evident from his rejecting the perſuaſion of the whole *Grecian* army to return to the battle: So that it appears that this machinery was neceſſary, and conſequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that theſe ſeveral incidents proceed from *Jupiter*: It is by his appointment that ſo many Gods are employed to attend *Achilles*. By theſe means *Jupiter*

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add the glory more.
Then hye thee to him, and our mandates bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father *Iris* ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from *Olympus'* ſnowy tops deſcends,
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

How

piter fulfills the promiſe mentioned in the firſt book, of honouring the ſon of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently ſuſtains his character by repreſenting the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*.

If the poet had conducted theſe incidents merely by human means, or ſuppoſed *Achilles* to reſtore the body of *Hector* entirely out of compaſſion, the draught had been unnatural, becauſe unlike *Achilles*: Such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Beſides, he has made uſe of the propereſt perſonages to carry on the affair; for who could be ſuppoſed to have ſo great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a goddeſs?

How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow?
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe?
Mindleſs of food, or Love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Sooths weary life, and ſoftens human pain.
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Lo!

V. 164. *And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe.*] This expreſſion in the original is very particular. Were it to be tranſlated literally, it muſt be rendered, how long wilt thou *eat, or prey upon thy own heart* by theſe ſorrows? And it ſeems it was a common way of expreſſing a deep ſorrow; and *Pythagoras* uſes it in this ſenſe, μὴ ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not exceſſively, let not ſorrow make too great an impreſſion upon thy heart. *Euſtathius*.

V. 168.—*Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) rejected theſe verſes becauſe of the indecent idea they convey: The goddeſs in plain terms adviſes *Achilles* to go to bed to his miſtreſs, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good biſhop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reaſon he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Thetis*: Soldiers, ſays he, have more occaſion for ſomething to ſtrengthen themſelves with, than for women: And this is the reaſon, continues he, why wreſtlers are forbid all commerce with that ſex during the whole time of their exerciſe.

Dionyſius of *Halicarnaſſus* endeavours to juſtify *Homer*, by obſerving that this advice of *Thetis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonneſs, but was intended to indulge a nobler paſſion, his deſire of glory: She adviſes him to go to that captive who was reſtored to him in a publick manner, to ſatisfy his honour: To that captive, the detention of whom had been ſo great a puniſhment to the whole *Grecian* army: And therefore *Thetis* uſes a very proper motive to comfort her ſon by adviſing him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewiſe laboured in *Homer*'s juſtification; he obſerves that the poet has ſet the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and ſtrong point of light: Tho' *Achilles* had ſo lately received his beloved *Briſeïs* from the hands of *Agamemnon*, tho' he knew that his own life drew to a ſudden period, yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haſte to indulge his love: he does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abſtains from all pleaſure by

Lo! *Jove* himſelf (for *Jove*'s command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom *Achil'es*: Be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.

While

by an exceſs of ſorrow, and the love of his miſtreſs is loſt in that of his friend.

This obſervation excellently juſtifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himſelf with the company of his miſtreſs: The hero indeed prevails ſo much over the lover, that *Thetis* thinks herſelf obliged to recal *Briſeïs* to his memory. Yet ſtill the indecency remains. All that can be ſaid in favour of *Thetis* is, that ſhe was mother to *Achilles*, and conſequently might take the greater freedom with her ſon.

Madam *Dacier* diſapproves of both the former obſervations: She has recourſe to the lawfulneſs of ſuch a practice between *Achilles* and *Briſeïs*; and becauſe ſuch commerces in thoſe times were reputed honeſt, therefore ſhe thinks the advice is decent: The married ladies are obliged to her for this obſervation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their ſons are afflicted, will adviſe them to comfort themſelves in this manner.

In ſhort, I am of opinion that this paſſage outrages decency; and 'tis a ſign of ſome weakneſs to have ſo much occaſion of juſtification. Indeed the whole paſſage is capable of a ſerious conſtruction, and of ſuch a ſenſe as a mother might expreſs to her ſon with decency: And then it will run thus; "Why art "thou, my ſon, thus afflicted? Why thus reſigned to ſor-"row? Can neither ſleep nor love divert you? Short is thy "date of life, ſpend it not all in weeping, but allow ſome part "of it to love and pleaſure!" But ſtill the indecency lies in the manner of the expreſſion, which muſt be allowed to be almoſt obſcene, (for ſuch is the word μιγησεσθ' *miſceri*) all that can be ſaid in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in *Homer*'s time, ſo we ought not entirely to condemn him, becauſe it is poſſible the expreſſion might not ſound ſo indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow?
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe?
Mindleſs of food, or Love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Sooths weary life, and ſoftens human pain.
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Lo!

V. 164. *And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe.*] This expreſſion in the original is very particular. Were it to be tranſlated literally, it muſt be rendered, how long wilt thou *eat, or prey upon thy own heart* by theſe ſorrows? And it ſeems it was a common way of expreſſing a deep ſorrow; and *Pythagoras* uſes it in this ſenſe, μὴ ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not exceſſively, let not ſorrow make too great an impreſſion upon thy heart. *Euſtathius*.

V. 168.—*Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) rejected theſe verſes becauſe of the indecent idea they convey: The goddeſs in plain terms adviſes *Achilles* to go to bed to his miſtreſs, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good biſhop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reaſon he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Thetis*: Soldiers, ſays he, have more occaſion for ſomething to ſtrengthen themſelves with, than for women: And this is the reaſon, continues he, why wreſtlers are forbid all commerce with that ſex during the whole time of their exerciſe.

Dionyſius of *Halicarnaſſus* endeavours to juſtify *Homer*, by obſerving that this advice of *Thetis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonneſs, but was intended to indulge a nobler paſſion, his deſire of glory: She adviſes him to go to that captive who was reſtored to him in a publick manner, to ſatisfy his honour: To that captive, the detention of whom had been ſo great a puniſhment to the whole *Grecian* army: And therefore *Thetis* uſes a very proper motive to comfort her ſon by adviſing him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewiſe laboured in *Homer*'s juſtification; he obſerves that the poet has ſet the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and ſtrong point of light: Tho' *Achilles* had ſo lately received his beloved *Briſeïs* from the hands of *Agamemnon*, tho' he knew that his own life drew to a ſudden period, yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haſte to indulge his love: he does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abſtains from all pleaſure by

Lo! *Jove* himſelf (for *Jove*'s command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom *Achil'les*: Be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.

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While thus they commun'd, from th' *Olympian* tow'rs
Jove orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* tow'rs.
Haſte, winged Goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her Monarch to redeem his ſon;
Alone, the *Ilian* ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern *Achilles* may receive:
Alone, for ſo we will: No *Trojan* near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

Some

V. 189. *Him* Hermes *to* Achilles *ſhall convey.*] The intervention of *Mercury* was very neceſſary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but alſo pays a compliment to his countrymen the *Grecians*: They kept ſo ſtrict a guard that nothing but a God could paſs unobſerved, this highly recommends their military diſcipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the ranſom without a chariot, it would have been an offence againſt probability to have ſuppoſed him able to have paſſed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity: *Horace* had this paſſage in his view, Ode the 10th of the firſt book.

Iniqua Trojæ *caſtra fefellit.*

V. 191.—Achilles' *ſelf ſhall ſpare,*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]
It is obſervable that every word here is a negative, ἀφρων, ἀσκοπος αλιτήμων; *Achilles* is ſtill ſo angry that *Jupiter* cannot ſay he is wiſe, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely ſays he is not a madman, nor perverſely wicked.

It

Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives,
And ſwift at *Priam*'s mournful court arrives:
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face his wrapt attire
Conceal'd

It is the obſervation of the ancients, ſays *Euſtathius*, that all the cauſes of the ſins of man are included in thoſe three words: Man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἀσκοπος; or wilfully and maliciouſly, and then he is ἀλιτήμων. So that this deſcription agrees very well with the preſent diſpoſition of *Achilles*; he is not ἄφρων, becauſe his reſentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, becauſe his mother has given him inſtructions; nor ἀλιτήμων, becauſe he will not offend againſt the injunctions of *Jupiter*.

V. 195. *The winged* Iris *flies*, &c.] Monſ. *Rapin* has been very free upon this paſſage, where ſo many machines are made uſe of, to cauſe *Priam* to obtain the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*. "This father (ſays he) who has ſo much tenderneſs for his ſon, "who is ſo ſuperſtitious in obſerving the funeral ceremonies, "and ſaving thoſe precious remains from the dogs and vul- "tures; ought not he to have thought of doing this himſelf, "without being thus expreſly commanded by the Gods? Was "there need of a machine to make him remember that "he was a father?" But this critick entirely forgets what rendered ſuch a conduct of abſolute neceſſity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and ſtate, upon *Priam*'s putting himſelf into the power of his moſt inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering *Hector*, and of diſcharging his Funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of ſo high importance) and therefore the meſſage of *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the aſſiſtance of *Mercury* to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: It was *dignus vindice nodus*, as *Horace* expreſſes it.

V. 200. *His face his wrapt attire Conceal'd from ſight.*] The poet has obſerved a great decency in this place; he was not able

to

Conceal'd from ſight; with frantick hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of *Troy!*
Before the King *Jove*'s meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears.
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From *Jove* I came, *Jove* makes thee ſtill his care:
For *Hector*'s ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern *Achilles* may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: No *Trojan* near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, *Achilles*' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. *Priam* bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay:
His pious ſons the King's command obey.

Then

to expreſs the grief of this royal mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this paſſage *Semanthes* the *Sicyonian* painter borrowed his deſign in the ſacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and repreſents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æſchylus* has likewiſe imitated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*. *Euſtathius*.

Then paſs'd the Monarch to his bridal room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume.
And where the treaſure of his empire lay;
Then call'd his Queen, and thus began to ſay.
Unhappy conſort of a King diſtreſt!
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of *Jove*,
Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpſe of *Hector*, at yon navy ſlain.
Tell me thy thought: My heart impels to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary Monarch thus Her piercing cries
Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?
Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign regions known,
Now all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown!
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of ſteel) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands, yet red with *Hector*'s noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No — pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for *Hector* let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parent's woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to *Peleus'* ſon!
Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!

For

For ah! could *Hector* merit thus? whose breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent Goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;

And

V. 265. *He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,*
And fell a hero—] This whole diſcourſe of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, ſhe aggravates the features of *Achilles*, and ſoftens thoſe of *Hector*: Her anger blinds her ſo much, that ſhe can ſee nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fondneſs ſo much, that ſhe can diſcern no defects in *Hector*. Thus ſhe draws *Achilles* in the fierceſt colours, like a *Barbarian*, and calls him ἀμηςὴς: But at the ſame time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly*. Euſtathius.

And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly *Thrace*)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to *Troy!*
Lo! the ſad father, frantick with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.

What

V. 291. *Lo! the ſad father*, &c.] This behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances: The loſs of his favourite ſon makes ſo deep an impreſſion upon his ſpirits, that he is incapable of conſolation; he is diſpleaſed with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the diſorder and hurry of his ſpirits make him break out into paſſionate expreſſions, and thoſe expreſſions are contained in ſhort periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themſelves leiſure to expreſs their ſentiments at full length: It is from the ſame paſſion that *Priam* in the ſecond ſpeech, treats all his ſons with the utmoſt indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers, and flatterers. *Euſtathius* very juſtly remarks, that he had *Paris* particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the reſt of his children, not being calm enough to make a diſtinction between the innocent and guilty.

That paſſage where he runs into the praiſes of *Hector*, is particularly natural: His concern and fondneſs make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the diſparagement of his other ſons: They are leſs than mortals, he more than man. *Rapin* has cenſured this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the *manners*, and ſays he might have ſhewn himſelf a father, otherwiſe than by this uſage of his children. But whoever conſiders his circumſtances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the moſt wealthy, moſt powerful and formidable monarch of *Aſia*, becomes all at once the moſt miſerable of men; he loſes in leſs than eight days the beſt of his army, and a great number of virtuous ſons; he loſes the braveſt of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This laſt blow ſinks him quite, and changes him ſo much, that he is no longer the ſame: he become impatient, frantick, unreaſonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! Whoever has the leaſt inſight into nature, muſt admire ſo fine a picture of the force of adverſity on an unhappy old man.

What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by *Jove* your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great *Hector* loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I ſee your blood the fields of *Phrygia* drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoaking town!
Oh ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to *Pluto*'s dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away;
The ſorrowing friends his frantick rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, *Paris*, *Agathon*, he calls,
His threats *Deïphobus* and *Dius* hear,
Hippothoüs, *Pammon*, *Helenus* the ſeer,
And gen'rous *Antiphon*: For yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his num'rous line.
Inglorious ſons of an unhappy fire!
Why did not all in *Hector*'s cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offſpring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of *Priam*'s houſe, remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With *Troilus*, dreadful on his ruſhing car,

And

V. 313. *Deïphobus* and *Dius*.] It has been a diſpute whether Δῖος or Ἅλιος, in v. 251. was a proper name; but *Pherecydes* (ſays *Euſtathius*) determines it, and aſſures us that *Dios* was a ſpurious ſon of *Priam*.

And laſt great *Hector*, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs *Mars* untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of *Troy!*
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd:
Box was the yoke, emboſt with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of *Myſa* to the *Trojan* King.)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind;

A golden

V. 342. *The ſad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is neceſſary to obſerve to the reader, to avoid confuſion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the preſents, and to bring back the body of *Hector*: the other drawn by horſes, in which the herald and *Priam* rode. *Euſtathius.*

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the Monarch's hands.
Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on *Ida*'s brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below.
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;
But if the God his Augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid *Priam*) to the Sire above
To raiſe our hands, for who ſo good as *Jove*?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring;
(Her ready hands the ew'r and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his Queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement poured the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd!

To

V. 377. *Oh firſt, and greateſt!* &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that there is not one inſtance in the whole *Ilias* of any prayer that was juſtly preferred, that failed of ſucceſs. This proceeding of *Homer*'s is very judicious, and anſwers exactly the true end of

To ſtern *Achilles* now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, cœleſtial Augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the pluny race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, cœleſtial Augury!
The ſwift-wing chaſer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by *Percnos*' lofty name.
Wide, as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts; *Idæus* holds the rein:
The King himſelf his gentle ſteeds controuls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to fate;
With hands up-lifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.

of poetry, which is to pleaſe and inſtruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may ceaſe his wrath, and compaſſionate his miſeries; and *Jupiter* grants his requeſt: The unfortunate king obtains compaſſion, and in his moſt inveterate enemy finds a friend.

Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Ilion* they.
Great *Jove* beheld him as he croſs'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals and attend their pray'rs!
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to *Achilles'* tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That

V. 417. *The deſcription of* Mercury.] A man muſt have no taſte for poetry that does not admire this ſublime deſcription: *Virgil* has tranſlated it almoſt *verbatim* in the fourth book of the *Æneis*, v. 240.

—Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio, & primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea, quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit, hâc animas ille evocat orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit;
Dat ſomnos, adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy or the original: *Mercury* appears in both pictures with equal majeſty: and the *Roman* dreſs becomes him, as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth and the whole ſixth line, to *Homer*, which makes it ſtill more full and majeſtical.

Give me leave to produce a paſſage out of *Milton*, of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferior to *Homer*, or *Virgil*: It is the deſcription of the deſcent of an angel:

—Down thither, prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and thro' the vaſt æthereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteady wing:
Now to the polar winds: Then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air—

Of

That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, ſwift *Hermes* ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on *Helleſpont*'s reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtick and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary King
Their chariot ſtopping, at the ſilver ſpring
That circling *Ilus*' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.

Of beaming ſunny rays a golden Tiar
Circled his head; nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious, on his ſhoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round.—&c.

V. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by ſuch intimations as theſe recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: He ſets out in the evening; and by the time that he reached the tomb of *Ilus*, it was grown ſomewhat dark, which ſhews that this tomb ſtood at ſome diſtance from the city: Here *Mercury* meets him, and, when it was quite dark, guides him into the preſence of *Achilles*. By theſe methods we may diſcover how exactly the poet preſerves the unities of time and place, and he allots ſpace ſufficient for the actions which he deſcribes, and yet does not croud more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: Thus it being improbable that ſo ſtubborn a man as *Achilles* ſhould relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, ſo that *Priam* has leiſure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to perſuade *Achilles*.

I mark ſome foe's advance: O King, beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; Is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted Monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accoſts with kind demand.
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt thro' the night?
Why

V. 447, &c. *The ſpeech of* Mercury *to* Priam.] I ſhall not trouble the reader with the dreams of *Euſtathius*, who tells us that this fiction of *Mercury*, is partly true and partly falſe: 'Tis true that his father is old; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole univerſe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: In like manner, when *Mercury* ſays he is the ſeventh child of his father, *Euſtathius* affirms that he meant there were ſix planets beſides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be ſo learnedly abſurd: The ſuppoſition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. *Priam*, ſays he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobſerved through the camp into the preſence of *Achilles:* and as the execution of any wiſe deſign is aſcribed to *Pallas*, ſo may this clandeſtine enterprize be ſaid to be managed by the guidance of *Mercury*.

But perhaps this whole paſſage may be better explained by having recourſe to the *Pagan* theology. It was an opinion that obtained in thoſe early days, that *Jupiter* frequently ſent ſome friendly meſſengers to protect the innocent, ſo that *Homer* might intend to give his readers a lecture of Morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam *Dacier* carries it farther. *Homer* (ſays ſhe) inſtructed by tradition, knew that God ſends his angels to ſuccour the

Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' *Grecian* foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view,
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide?
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;
From *Greece* I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my ſon! (the god-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! For ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)

the afflicted. The ſtory of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer*: *Tobit* ſends his ſon to *Rages*, a city of *Media*, to receive a conſiderable ſum; *Tobias* did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with a majeſtick glory, which attracted admiration: It was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being aſked who he was, anſwered (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction; He ſaid that he was of the children of *Iſrael*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was the ſon of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in ſafety; he gave him inſtructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and ſon offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and diſappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the ſtyle; and the example of our author ſo long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's ſending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much ſpread amongſt the *Pagans* in thoſe former times. *Dacier*.

But ſay convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand?
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land.
Or fly'ſt thou now? What hopes can *Troy* retain?
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain!
The King, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how god-like *Hector* dy'd?
Thus *Priam* ſpoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft' have theſe eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd
In glorious fight with *Grecian* blood embru'd:
I ſaw him, when like *Jove* his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half a hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: Stern *Achilles'* ire
Forbad aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of *Myrmidon an* race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;
Of ſev'n his ſons by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our Prince, it fell on me the laſt.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check the martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern *Pelides'* train,
(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled reſt his cold remains?

O fa-

O favour'd of the ſkies! (Thus anſwered then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent:
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as *Aurora*'s ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead;
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fleſh he lies, with every living grace,
Majeſtical in death! No ſtains are found
O'er all the corſe, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
(Tho' many a wound they gave) ſome heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heav'n, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
Thus ſpoke to *Priam* the cœleſtial guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love!

V. 519. *Bleſt is the man*, &c.] *Homer* now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and diſplay his poetical juſtice in rewards and puniſhments: Thus *Hector* fought in a bad cauſe, and therefore ſuffers in the defence of it; but becauſe he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other reſpects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it neceſſary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in reſpect to morality. He juſtifies the character of *Horace*,

—Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

If the reader does not obſerve the morality of the *Ilias*, he loſes half and the nobler part of its beauty: He reads it as a common romance, and miſtakes the chief aim of it, which is to inſtruct.

Thoſe who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r
My ſon forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for *Hector*'s ſake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to *Pelides*' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God. O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my Prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
What from our maſter's int'reſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſſing, while the bowls go round;

On

V. 513. *But can I, abſent*, &c.] In the original of this place (which I have paraphraſed a little) the word Συλεύειν is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a ſoldier of *Achilles*) a preſent, which he refuſes becauſe his prince is ignorant of it: This preſent he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery*; which may ſhew us how ſtrict the notions of juſtice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's ſervant received any preſent without the knowledge of his maſter, he was eſteemed a thief and a robber. *Euſtathius*.

On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous length;

Scarce

K 5

V. 553. *Of fir the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the courſe of theſe obſervations deſcribed the method of encamping uſed by the *Grecians*: The reader has here a full and exact deſcription of the tent of *Achilles*: This royal pavilion was built with long paliſadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inſide was divided into ſeveral apartments: Thus *Achilles* had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book *Phœnix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himſelf and his captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himſelf and his miſtreſs *Diomeda*.

But we muſt not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimenſions: They were, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: Which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a ſoldier, and the ſimplicity of thoſe early times.

I am of opinion that ſuch fixed tents were not uſed by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of ſiege, when their long ſtay in one place made it neceſſary to build ſuch tents as are here deſcribed; at other times they lay, like *Diomed* in the tenth book, in the open air, their ſpears ſtanding upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beaſts ſpread on the ground, inſtead of a bed.

It is worthy obſervation that *Homer*, even upon ſo trivial an occaſion as the deſcribing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to ſhew the ſuperior ſtrength of his hero; and tells us that three men could ſcarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

Scarce three ſtrong *Greeks* could lift its mighty weight,
But great *Achilles* ſingly clos'd the gate.
This *Hermes* (ſuch the pow'r of Gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the cœleſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd ——Hear, Prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of Arts, the meſſenger of *Jove*.
Farewel: To ſhun *Achilles'* ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſs'd to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,

His

V. 569. *Nor ſtand confeſs'd to frail mortality.*] *Euſtathius* thinks it was from this maxim, that the Princes of the Eaſt aſſumed that air of majeſty which ſeparates them from the ſight of their ſubjects; but I ſhould rather believe that *Homer* copied this after the originals, from ſome Kings of his time: It not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. *Dacier.*

V. 571. *Adjure him by his father*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Priam* does not entirely follow the inſtructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus*. And this was judiciouſly done by *Priam*: For what motive to compaſſion could ariſe from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddeſs, and incapable of misfortune? or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the ſame time he flouriſhed in the greateſt proſperity? therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, ſtood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the ſame misfortunes he ſuffered. Theſe are the remarks of *Euſtathius*; but how then ſhall we juſtify *Mercury*, who gave him ſuch improper inſtructions with relation to *Thetis*? All that can be ſaid in the defence of the poet, is, that *Thetis*, though a Goddeſs, has through the whole courſe of the *Ilias* been deſcribed as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and conſequently might be made uſe of as an inducement to raiſe the compaſſion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have ſaid, I conjure thee by the love thou beareſt to thy mother,

take

His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The King confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:
There ſat the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave,
And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt,
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the King his entry made;
And proſtrate now before *Achilles* laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch, (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)

Juſt

take pity on me! For if ſhe, who is a Goddeſs would grieve for the loſs of her beloved ſon, how greatly muſt the loſs of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

V. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurprize of *Achilles*, and the other ſpectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumſtance of *Priam*'s kiſſing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiſſed, ſays *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; thoſe terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of ſo many ſons: By theſe two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Iliad*; and at the ſame time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: Thus *Achilles* gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize:
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.
Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'r divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet

V. 598. *The ſpeech of* Priam *to* Achilles.] The curioſity of the reader muſt needs be awakened to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to ſuſtain the violent character of *Achilles*, and yet at the ſame time to ſoften him into compaſſion. To this end the poet uſes no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumſtance which is moſt likely to mollify him, and the two firſt words he utters are, μνησαι πατρὸς, *ſee thy father, O* Achilles, *in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his ſpeech; *Achilles* has every where been deſcribed as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderneſs that love and duty can ſuggeſt to an affectionate ſon.

Priam tells *Achilles*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that it was inſerted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity againſt *Achilles*, but that, tho' he fought againſt him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will obſerve that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his ſpeech, and recalls his father to his memory in the concluſion

Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing ſtill may hope, a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race? ere *Greece* to *Ilion* came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: There he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!

Theſe

ſion of it. This is done with great judgment; and the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the ſtrongeſt motive, and leaves it freſh upon his memory; and poſſibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impreſſion upon *Achilles* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again ſets him before his imagination by this repetition, and ſoftens him into compaſſion.

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great *Achilles* diff'rent passions rend,
And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
One universal solemn show'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine *Achilles* rose;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestick gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: Then serene began
With words to sooth the miserable man.
Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known?
Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone

To

V. 634. *These words soft pity*, &c.] We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles*: and *Homer* has described the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her son to use *Priam* with civility: It would have ill suited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with tenderness without such pre-admonition: nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage. But *Homer* has avoided these absurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion.

V. 653. Achilles's *speech to* Priam.] There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole *Iliad* than this before us: *Homer*,

to

To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: Let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: Man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods ſevere decree;
They, only they, are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by *Jove*'s high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of Evil one, and one of Good;

From

to ſhew that *Achilles* was not a mere ſoldier, here draws him as a perſon of excellent ſenſe and ſound reaſon: *Plato* himſelf (who condemns this paſſage) could not ſpeak more like a true philoſopher: And it was a piece of great judgment thus to deſcribe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere ſtrength: It alſo ſhews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character, till the very concluſion of the poem. By theſe means he fixes an idea of his greatneſs upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the ſtage with applauſe.

Neither does he here aſcribe more wiſdom to *Achilles* than he might really be maſter of; for, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, he had *Chiron* and *Phœnix* for his tutors, and a Goddeſs for his mother.

V. 663. *Two urns by* Jove's *high throne*, &c.] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. *Plato* has accuſed it as an impiety to ſay that God gives evil: But it ſeems borrowed from the eaſtern way of ſpeaking, and bears a great reſemblance to ſeveral expreſſions in ſcripture: Thus in the *Pſalms*, *in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the ſame: as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth ſhall drink them.*

It was the cuſtom of the *Jews* to give condemned perſons juſt before execution, ὄινον ἐσμυρνισμένον, wine mixed with myrrh, to make them leſs ſenſible of pain: Thus, *Proverbs* xxxi. 6. *Give ſtrong drink to thoſe that are ready to periſh.* This cuſtom was ſo frequent among the *Jews*, that the cup which was given before execution, came to denote death itſelf, as in that paſſage, *Father, let this cup paſs from me.*

Some

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: The wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt taſte not happineſs ſincere,
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than *Peleus* ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour?
A realm, a Goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
An only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair *Leſbos'* bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide *Helleſpont*'s unmeaſur'd main.

But

Some have ſuppoſed that there were three urns, one of good and two of evil; thus *Pindar*,

Ἐν γαρ ἐσθλὸν, πήμαΐα σὺνδυο
Δαίσυιαι βροτοῖς αθανάτοι.

But, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, the word ἕτερος ſhews that there were but two, for that word is never uſed when more than two are intended.

V. 685. *Extended* Phrygia, *&c.*] *Homer* here gives us a piece of geography, and ſhews the full extent of *Priam*'s kingdom. *Leſbos* bounded it on the ſouth, *Phrygia* on the eaſt, and the

But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes fall?
War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy wall!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the *Stygian* ſhore,
But thou alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!
To whom the King. Oh favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince *Hector* lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh give me *Hector!* to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy*;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light, and live!
Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)

Nor

the *Helleſpont* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynaſties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: So that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam*'s power is literally true, and confirmed by hiſtory. *Euſtathius*.

V. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader muſt be ſurprized, as I confeſs I was, to ſee *Achilles* fly out into ſo ſudden a paſſion, without any apparent reaſon for it. It can ſcarce be imagined that the name of *Hector* (as *Euſtathius* thinks) could throw him into ſo much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience and calmneſs by *Priam* in this very conference: Eſpecially if we remember that *Achilles* had actually determined to reſtore the body of *Hector* to *Priam*. I was therefore very well pleaſed to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and ſuch a one as naturally ſolves the difficulty. The meaning of the paſſage I fancy may be this: *Priam* perceiving that his addreſs had mollified the heart of *Achilles*, takes this

Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy *Hector* I myſelf intend:
For know, from *Jove* my Goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame)
Nor

this opportunity to perſuade him to give over the war, and return home; eſpecially ſince his anger was ſufficiently ſatisfied by the fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this propoſal, and anſwers, "Is it not enough that I have de-"termined to reſtore thy ſon? aſk no more, leſt I retract "that reſolution." In this view we ſee a natural reaſon for the ſudden paſſion of *Achilles*.

What may perhaps ſtrengthen this conjecture is the word πρῶτον; and then the ſenſe will run thus; ſince I have found ſo much favour in thy ſight, as firſt, to permit me to live, O would'ſt thou ſtill enlarge my happineſs, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther eſtabliſhed from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where *Achilles* aſks *Priam* how many days he would requeſt for the interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refuſed to give over the war, but yet conſents to intermit it a few days; and then the ſenſe will be this: "I will not conſent to return home, but aſk a time for a ceſ-"ſation, and it ſhall be granted." And what moſt ſtrongly ſpeaks for this interpretation is the anſwer of *Priam*; I aſk, ſays he, eleven days to bury my ſon, and then let the war commence again, ſince *it muſt be ſo*, ἐπεὶ ἀνάγκη; ſince you neceſſitate me to it; or ſince you will not be perſuaded to leave theſe ſhores.

V. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleaſed to obſerve that this is the laſt ſally of the reſentment of *Achilles*; and the poet judiciouſly deſcribes him moderating it by his own reflection: So that his reaſon now prevails over his anger, and the deſign of the poem is fully executed.

V. 709. *For know, from* Jove *my Goddeſs-mother came.*] The injuſtice of *La Motte*'s criticiſm (who blames *Homer*, for repreſenting *Achilles* ſo mercenary, as to enquire into the price offered for *Hector*'s body before he would reſtore it) will appear plainly from this paſſage, where he makes *Achilles* expreſly ſay, it is not for any other reaſon that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

——— Διὸθεν

Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt neglectful of high *Jove*'s command
I ſhow thee, King! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent:
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great *Hector*'s ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body, and anoint with oil;
Apart from *Priam*, leſt th' unhappy Sire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern *Pelides*; and nor ſacred age,
Nor *Jove*'s command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus*' ſhade.

If,

—— Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
Μήτηρ ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγατηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος,
Καὶ δε σε γινώσκω Πρίαμε φρεσὶν, ἠδέ με λήθεις,
Ὅτι θεῶν τις ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Αχαιῶν.

If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring *Hector*) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will,
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and ent'ring took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the god like chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life, forego.
Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the *Stygian* ſhades:
Theſe by *Apollo*'s ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe, *Cynthia*'s arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chaſtiz'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Latona*'s line;

But

V. 757. *Not thus did* Niobe, *&c.*] *Achilles*, to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known hiſtory; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had loſt all her children, *Priam* had ſome remaining. *Niobe*'s had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the ſight of their people, without any one preſenting himſelf to interr them: *Hector* has likewiſe been twelve days, but in the midſt of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the laſt duties. The Gods at laſt interred *Niobe*'s children, and the Gods likewiſe are concerned to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*. *Euſtathius*.

But two the Goddeſs, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The Gods themſelves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deſarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence *Acheloïs* ſprings,
The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy rings:
There high on *Sipylus* his ſhady brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O King! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd;
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of *Ilion* ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepar'd them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals their ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Automedon* beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt;

No

No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect, and majeſtick ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.
Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*, to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For ſince the day that numb'red with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed,
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my ſorrows, and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, *Achilles* bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, but ſleep not here,
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,

Leſt

V. 798. *The royal gueſt the hero eyes*, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of praiſing his hero *Achilles*, and it is obſervable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: He ſoftens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warrior, with ſeveral virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive ſoldier is become calm and compaſſionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his perſon, and be aſtoniſhed at his manly beauty. So that tho' courage be his moſt diſtinguiſhing character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Ἐπικερτομέων. The ſenſe of this word differs in this place from that it uſually bears: It does not imply τραχύτητα ἐφ' ἑκάστοις, any reproachful aſperity of language, but ἐκπληξιν ψευδῆ φόβου, the raiſing of a falſe fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodged in the outer part of the tent; and by this method he gives *Priam* an opportunity of going away in the morning without obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

Leſt any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The King of men the ranſom might defer.
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd, what time the rites require
T' interr thy *Hector?* For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the Monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: To thee are known
The fears of *Ilion*, clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of *Ide*, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
Till then our arms ſuſpend the fall of *Troy*.
Then gave his hand at parting to prevent
The old Man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where

V. 819. *To aſk our council, or our orders take.*] The poet here ſhews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; tho' *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promiſes *Priam* a ceſſation of arms for ſeveral days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the ceſſation, agrees with the cuſtom which we uſe at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.

——χεῖρα γέροντος
Ἕλλαβε δεξιτερὴν. *Euſtathius.*

Where fair *Briſeïs*, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her Hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the King and Herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious *Hermes* only was awake,
The King's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when *Hector* is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the *Grecian* foes, or *Grecian* Lord?
Thy preſence here ſhou'd ſtern *Atrides* ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee:
May offer all thy treaſure yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: The God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence thro' the hoſtile band.
When now to *Xanthus'* yellow ſtream they drove,
(*Xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)
The winged deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to *Olympus* flew.
Now ſhed *Aurora* round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilion* go
The ſage and King, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from *Ilion*'s ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier:
A ſhow'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all *Ilion* with her cries.

Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of *Troy!*
If ere ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown,
And *Troy* ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At *Scæa*'s gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;
But god-like *Priam* from the chariot roſe:
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your bourdleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:

Alter-

V. 900. *A melancholy choir*, &c.] This was a cuſtom generally received, and which paſſed from the *Hebrews* to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Aſiaticks*. There were weepers by profeſſion, of both ſexes, who ſung doleful tunes round the dead. *Eccleſiaſticus* cap. xii. v. 5. *When a man ſhall go into the houſe of his eternity, there ſhall encompaſs him Weepers:* It appears from St. *Matthew* xi. 17. that children were likewiſe employed in this office. *Dacier*.

Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And Nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of Art.
First to the coiſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw:
And, Oh my *Hector!* Oh my Lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes:
For *Ilion* now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoaking ruin on the plain.

Who

V. 906, &c. *The lamentations over* Hector.] The poet judiciouſly makes *Priam* to be ſilent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a ſufficient ſhare in theſe ſorrows in the tent of *Achilles*, and ſaid what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon ſuch a melancholy ſubject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and ſpeaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an exceſs of ſorrow being unmanly: Whereas theſe women might with decency indulge themſelves in all the lamentation that fondneſs and grief could ſuggeſt. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three perſons introduced; and tho' they all mourn upon the ſame occaſion, yet their lamentations are ſo different, that not a ſentence that is ſpoken by the one, could be made uſe of by the other: *Andromache* ſpeaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with ſorrow riſing from ſelf-accuſation: *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleneſs and humanity.

Homer is very conciſe in deſcribing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a neceſſary piece of conduct, after he had been ſo full in that of *Patroclus*.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care;
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait 'em) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman Lord.
Or elſe ſome *Greek* whoſe father preſs'd the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great *Hector* ſlain;
In *Hector*'s blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence, many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou wouldſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft' repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

V. 934. *Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand,*
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?]

I have taken theſe two lines from Mr. *Congreve*, whoſe tranſlation of this part was one of his firſt eſſays in poetry. He has very juſtly rendered the ſenſe of Πυκινὸν ἔπος, *dictum prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in ſome dangerous exigence; at which times what is ſpoken is uſually ſomething of the utmoſt importance, and delivered with the utmoſt care: Which is the true ſignification of the epithet Πυκινὸν in this place.

The mournful Mother next ſuſtains her part.
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all thy race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt
Free, and a Hero to the *Stygian* coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as *Phœbus'* ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
Thus ſpoke the dame and melted into tears.
Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries.
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind!
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train,
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.

For

For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad *Helen* has no friend now thou art gone!
Thro' *Troy*'s wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam,
In *Troy* deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye *Trojans!* what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and, at his word, the *Trojan* train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour'd thro' the gates, and, fell'd from *Ida*'s crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe.
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the Man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crowds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt, o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.

(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun)
All *Troy* then moves to *Priam*'s court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours *Ilion* to her Hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty *Hector*'s ſhade.

THE END OF THE ILIAD.

WE have now paſſed thro' the *Iliad*, and ſeen the anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: As that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of Epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a ſhort account of what happened to *Troy* and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken ſoon after the death of *Hector*, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by *Virgil* in the ſecond book of the *Æneis*

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the hand of *Paris*, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as *Hector* had propheſied at his death, *lib.* 22.

The unfortunate *Priam* was killed by *Pyrrhus* the ſon of *Achilles*.

Ajax, after the death of *Achilles*, had a conteſt with *Ulyſſes* for the armour of *Vulcan*, but, being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation

Helen, after the death of *Paris*, married *Deiphobus* his brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betrayed him in order to reconcile herſelf to *Menelaus* her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour

Agamemnon at his return was barbarouſly murdered by *Ægyſthus* at the inſtigation of *Clytæmneſtra* his wife, who in his abſence had diſhonoured his bed with *Ægyſthus*.

Diomed after the fall of *Troy* was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with his adulterous wife *Ægiale*; but at laſt was received by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and ſhared his kingdom: 'Tis uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in *Pylos* his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to *Ithaca*, which is the ſubject of *Homer*'s *Odyſſes*.

I muſt end theſe notes by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable

piece

piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: The merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from *Euſtathius*, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, were ſent me by Mr. *Broome*: And the whole Eſſay upon *Homer* was written upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. *Parnell*, Archdeacon of *Clogher* in *Ireland*. How very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which muſt be left to the world, to truth, and to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: One who has tryed, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to *Homer*: And one, who (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. *CONGREVE*, and of

March 25, 1720. *A. POPE.*

Των Θεῶν δὲ ἐυποιία— τὸ μὴ ἐπ. πλειο με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιδευμασι, ἐν' οἷς ἴσως ἂν καλεσχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de ſeipſo*. l. 1. §. 14.

BRITISH THE MUSEUM 30 66 MAY

AN

AN

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The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

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FABLE.

Under this head of the Marvellous *may alſo be included all the immediate* machines, *and* appearances of the Gods *in the Poem, and their* transformation; *the* miraculous birth *of* Heroes; *the* paſſions in human and viſible forms, *and the reſt.*

CHARACTERS OR MANNERS.

Characters of the GODS *of* HOMER, *as acting in the* Phyſical *or* Moral *capacities of thoſe Deities.*

JUPITER.

As the ſupreme Being.] See the article *Theology* in the next *Index.*

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JUNO.

As the element of Air.] Her congreſs with *Jupiter*, or the *Æther*, and production of vegetables, 14. 390, *&c.* Her loud ſhout, the air being the cauſe of ſound, 5. 978. Nouriſhed by *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, 14. 231.

As Goddeſs of Empire and Honour.] Stops the *Greeks* from flying ignominiouſly, 2. 191. *and in many other places.* Incites and commands *Achilles* to revenge the death of his friend, 18. 203. *&c.* Inſpires into *Helen* a contempt of *Paris*, and ſends *Iris*, to call her to behold the combat with *Menelaus*, 3. 185.

APOLLO.

As the Sun.] Cauſes the plague in the heat of ſummer, 1. 61. Raiſes a phantom of clouds and vapours, 5. 545. Diſcovers in the morning the ſlaughter made the night before, 10. 606. Recovers *Hector* from fainting, and opens his eyes, 15. 280. Dazzles the eyes of the *Greeks*, and ſhakes his

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Ægis in their faces, 15. 362. Reſtores vigour to *Glaucus*, 16. 647. Preſerves the body of *Sarpedon* from corruption, 16. 830. And that of *Hector*, 13. 230. Raiſes a cloud to conceal *Æneas*, 20. 515.

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As Wiſdom.] He and *Minerva* inſpire *Helenus* to keep off the general engagement by a ſingle combat, 7. 25. Adviſes *Hector* to ſhun encountering *Achilles*, 20. 431.

MARS.

As mere martial courage, without conduct.] Goes to the fight againſt the orders of *Jupiter*, 5. 726. Again provoked to rebel againſt *Jupiter* by his paſſion, 15. 126. Is vanquiſhed by *Minerva*, or *Conduct*, 21. 480.

MINERVA.

As martial Courage with Wiſdom.] Joins with *Ju-*

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no in reſtraining the *Greeks* from flight, and inſpires *Ulyſſes* to do it, 2. 210 Animates the army, 2. 525. Deſcrib'd as leading a hero ſafe thro' a battle, 4. 632. Aſſiſts *Diomed* to overcome *Mars* and *Venus*, 5 407. 1042. Overcomes them herſelf, 21. 480. Reſtrains *Mars* from rebellion againſt *Jupiter*, 5. 45 —— 15. 140. Subm its to *Jupiter*, 8 40. Adviſes *Ulyſſes* to retire in time from the night expedition, 10. 593. Aſſiſts him throughout that expedition, 10. 350, *&c.* Diſcovers the ambuſh laid againſt the *Pylians* by night, and cauſes them to ſally, 11. 851. Aſſiſts *Achilles* to conquer *Hector*, 22. 277. *&c.*

As Wiſdom ſeparately conſider'd.] Suppreſſes *Achilles*'s paſſion, 1. 261 Suppreſſes her own anger againſt *Jupiter*, 4. 31. Brings to paſs *Jupiter*'s will in contriving the breach of the truce, 4. 95. Teaches *Diomed* to diſcern Gods from men, and to conquer *Venus*, 5. 155. *&c.* Call'd the beſt beloved of *Jupiter*, 8. 48. Obtains leave of *Jupiter*, that while the other Gods do not aſſiſt the *Greeks*, ſhe may direct 'em with her counſels, 8 45. Is again checked by the command of *Jupiter*, and ſubmits, 8. 560. 580. Is ſaid to aſſiſt, or ſave, any hero, in general thro' the Poem, when any act of prudence preſerves him.

VENUS.

As the paſſion of love.] Brings *Paris* from the fight to the embraces of *Helen*, and inflames the lovers. 3. 460, 530, *&c.* Is overcome by *Minerva*, or Wiſdom, 5. 407 And again, 21. 500. Her *Ceſtus* or girdle, and the effects of it, 14. 247.

NEPTUNE.

As the ſea] Overturns the *Grecian* wall with his waves, 12. 15. Aſſiſts the *Greeks* at their fleet, which was drawn up at the ſea-ſide, 13 67, *&c.* Retreats at the order of *Jupiter*, 15 245. Shakes the whole field of battle and ſea-ſhore with earthquakes, 20. 77.

VULCAN.

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VULCAN.

Or the Element of Fire.] Falls from heaven to earth, 1. 761. Receiv'd in *Lemnos*, a place of ſubterraneous fires. *ibid.* His operations of various kinds, 18, 440, 468, 540. Dries up the river *Xanthus*, 21. 460. Aſſiſted by the winds, 21. 390.

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N. B. *The ſpeeches which depend upon, and flow from the ſeveral Characters, are diſtinguiſhed by an* S.

ACHILLES.

Furious, paſſionate, diſdainful, and reproachful, *lib.* 1. v. 155. S. 165. S 295. S.—9. 405. S 746. S.—24: 705.

Revengeful and implacable in the higheſt degree, 9. 755, 765—16. 68 S. 121. S. 18—120, 125. S.—19. 211. S. 22. 333. S. 437. S.

Cruel, 16. 122.—19. 395.—21. 112.——22. 437. S. 495. S.—23. 30.—24. 51.——

Superior to all men in valour, 20. 60, 437, *&c.* 21. 22. throughout.

CHARACTERS.

Conſtant and violent in friendſhip, 9, 730. 18. 30.—371.—23. 54, 272—24 5.—16. 9. S 208. 18. 100. S. 380. S.—S. 19. 335. S.—22. 482. S. *Achilles* ſcarce ever ſpeaks without mention of his friend *Patroclus.*

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, 5. 226. S. 20. 132, 290, 345.—

Senſible, and moral, 20, 242, 293, *&c.* S.

Valiant, not raſh, 20, 130. 540.——S.

Tender to his friend, 13. 590.

See his character in the notes on l. 5. *v.* 212. *and on* l. 13 v. 578.

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and paſſionate, 1, 34, 729——S.

Sometimes cruel, 6. 80—2 140. S.——

Artful and deſigning, 2. 68. 95.

Valiant, and an excellent General, 4. 256, 265, *&c* 11 *throughout.*

Eminent for brotherly affection, 4. 183, *&c.* S. 7. 120——

See his character in the notes on l. 11. v. 1.

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AJAX.

Of ſuperior ſtrength and ſize, and fearleſs on that account, 13. 410.—7. 227. S 274.---15. 666.
Indefatigable and impatient, 11, 683, *&c* 13 877.—15. *throughout* — 14. 535 —— ſhort in his ſpeeches, 7. 227.—9. 742.—15. 665, &c.
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DIOMED.

Daring and intrepid, 5. *throughout*, and 8. 163. 180. S. 9. 65, 820.——10. 260.—
Proud and boaſting, 6 152: 11. 500.
Vain of his birth, 14. 125
Generous, 6. 265.———
Is guided by *Pallas* or Wiſdom, and chuſes *Ulyſſes* to direct him, 5. *throughout*. 10. 287, 335.
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HECTOR.

A true lover of his country, 8 621. S.—12. 284—15 582. S.
Valiant in the higheſt degree, 3 89.—7. 80. 12. 270. S. 1-8. 333. S.--&c.

CHARACTERS.

Excellent in conduct, 8. 610. S. 11. 663.—
Pious, 6 140, 339, 605.—
Tender to his parents, 6. 915.
—to his wife, 6. 456.
—to his child, 606.
—to his friends, 20, 485.—24. 962.——
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IDOMENEUS.

An old ſoldier, 13. 455, 648.——
A lover of his ſoldiers, 13. 280.——
Talkative upon ſubjects of war, 13. 340.—355, *&c.* 4. 305. S.——
Vain of his family, 13. 565, *&c.*
Stately and inſulting, 13. 472.———*&c.*
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MENELAUS.

Valiant, 3. 35.—13. 733.—17. *throughout.*
Tender of the people, 10, 32.
Gentle in his nature, 10. 138—23. 685.
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NESTOR

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NESTOR.

Wise and experienc'd in council, 1 331, 340.—2. 441.———

Skilful in the art of War, 2. 432. 670—4. 338. &c. S. 7. 392. S.———

Brave, 7, 166.———11. 807.——15 796. S.

Eloquent, 1. 332, &c.

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Pious, 15 427.

Talkative through old age, 4. 370—7. 145,——11. 800.—23. 373, 718.

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PRIAM.

A tender father to *Hector*, 22. 51. S—24. 275—to *Paris*, 3. 381.——to *Helen*, 3. 212. S.

An easy Prince, of too yielding a temper, 7. 443.

Gentle and compassionate, 3, 211, 382.

Pious, 4. 70.—24. 520. S.

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PARIS.

Effeminate in dress and person, 3. 27, 55, 80, 409.

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Ingenious in arts, musick, 3 80. Building, 6. 390.

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Rash, but valiant, 16. 709.

Of a gentle nature, 19. 320.—17. 755.—

SARPEDON.

Valiant, out of principle and honour, 5. 575. S.—12. 371. S.

Eloquent, *ibid.*

Careful only of the common cause in his death, 16. 605. S.

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ULYSSES.

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Eloquent, 3. 283.——9. 295. S. &c.

Valiant

CHARACTERS.

Valiant in the field with caution, 4 566.—11. 515, &c.

Bold in the council with prudence, 14. 90.—

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